

THE
SATURDAY REVIEW
OF
POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 1,498, Vol. 58.

July 12, 1884.

[Registered for
Transmission abroad.]

Price 6d.

THE LORDS AND THE FRANCHISE BILL.

THE House of Lords has, according to the statements of the supporters of the Ministry, rejected the Franchise Bill; and its conduct has been, according to the same authorities, "audacious," "impudent," or at the least "irritating." In other words, the Peers, not having the fear of mounted farriers before their eyes, but acting under the temptation of Lord SALISBURY, have entered on a conflict with the people. These are large words, and some of them, such as audacious and impudent, are eloquent words—eloquent, that is to say, as to the state of mind of those who use them. This style of overture is necessary to introduce the mounted farriers, and the two-handled flags, and the brass bands, and the other Radical properties. It is not proposed here to attempt the getting up of a counter charivari to Mr. SCHNADHORST'S. If any one sees the *ultima ratio* of things political in mounted farriers and ophiocleides, he has a ticket-of-leave from the troubles of argument. But as, after all, the getters-up of these monstrous farces are very few in number, and the electors capable of being duped by them are not very numerous, it may be quite worth while to consider what the Lords have really done, and how far their action is an insult or a compliment to the political sagacity of the English people. After all, it is impossible to conceal the actual facts of history from a modern Englishman who wishes to know them, and the very newspapers which swagger in their leader columns about the audacity of the peers furnish in their Parliamentary reports ample material for correcting the swagger. Let the *gros mots* be dropped, as on one side, at any rate, they can very well afford to be dropped. Let it be considered what has actually happened, and what has not, the latter being by no means the least important portion of the inquiry.

The red-hot, or would-be red-hot Ministerialists, of whom mention has been made above, have their own account of what has happened, and nothing can possibly be better for all parties than to compare that account quite peaceably, and in a leisurely fashion, with the facts. According to a certain number of persons, the Peers have rejected the Franchise Bill, they have entered into a struggle with the people, they have set themselves against reform, they have refused equal rights to Englishmen, and so forth, and so forth. It is unnecessary to go through the indictment. It may be found put crudely in the words of Mr. THOROLD ROGERS; put ingeniously, and no doubt without intentional dishonesty, in the speeches of Mr. JOHN MORLEY; put with an abundance of cheap literary comment and illustration in one London newspaper; put with a kind of senile wrath that anybody should object to the theory and practice of trimming in another. It is a very good indictment but for one thing; there is absolutely no evidence to back it. The Peers have not vetoed the enfranchisement of the country non-voter; they have simply passed a resolution that, in accordance with precedent, they must see what that enfranchisement means. They have not entered into a conflict with the people; they have, on the contrary, registered their opinion that a half-measure of such a character is *per se* unsatisfactory until the people have had the opportunity of considering it as a whole measure. They have been exactly as audacious as the House of Commons, and exactly as impudent; that is to say, the one House has exercised its constitutional right of passing a measure, and the other has exercised its equally

constitutional right of declaring that measure to be, as it stands, unsatisfactory. The waverers between two opinions, who say that the House of Lords should have accepted the Bill on the second reading, and embodied their opinion as to redistribution in an amendment in Committee, forget that the Government has again and again refused to accept such an amendment, that it had the opportunity up to one o'clock on Wednesday morning of signifying repentance, and that the opportunity was not taken. What is more, the division itself did not shut up the place of repentance, and Mr. GLADSTONE himself was forced to admit that the Bill could have been proceeded with in the Lords. There are many fools about, but it is difficult to believe that there is any one to be met with who is animated with such a quintessence of folly as to believe that the mere postponement of the battle would have been a harbinger of peace. The Commons would have cut out the Lords' amendment, and the Lords would have reinstated it. The usual irritating process of conference and disagreement would have been gone through, and matters would have been exactly where they are at present, with the difference that the temper of the House of Commons would probably have been a little more exasperated by the repeated necessity of testifying to a belief which it does not entertain.

The constituencies of the country, whom the question concerns, have therefore (if they choose to use the common sense of Englishmen and to decline the assistance of mounted farriers and trombones as political field-glasses) a very simple set of problems before them. Mr. GLADSTONE asks them to swamp themselves without inquiring how they are to be swamped, and to admit their swampers without inquiring how the swampers are to be treated in the way of assigning seats to them. The House of Lords has decided that, before this and that borough is disfranchised, it ought to know its fate, and have the opportunity of expressing an opinion on it; and that, before a vast body of political infants is turned loose into the fields of the Constitution, the political adults who are at present tenants of those fields shall at least see what arrangements are made for the infants' discipline and guidance. The delay is not in reality more in the interest of the old voters than of the new, for the eccentric principles of redistribution which Mr. GLADSTONE avowed in his introductory speech affect the unenfranchised of London and Lancashire as much as the soon-to-be-disfranchised of Bridport or Portarlington. It may be fearlessly said that the staunchest Radical in the kingdom, if he considered the matter apart from the mounted farriers and the cornets-à-piston and the Caucus resolutions and the indignation to order of the SCHNADHORSTS and the SYMONDESSES, would probably acquiesce in the wisdom of the conduct of the Peers. Absolutely no argument has been advanced for the separation of enfranchisement and redistribution; and some of those very persons who are most fretful with the Lords for accepting Lord CAIRNS'S Resolution were loudest not many months ago in insisting that redistribution and enfranchisement should proceed side by side.

Now, then, or never is the time for the British elector to clear his mind of cant. It is certain—there are undeniable vouchers for it—that the Peers have not acted without full exploration of the feeling of the Conservative party of every class. It can only be denied by that party impudence and audacity (if we may borrow the terms) which will deny anything that the vote of Tuesday night is a vote not only well within the competence of the voters, but absolutely

beneficial to the nation at large. For the redistribution question can be put in such a form as must command the assent of every reasonable being who does not set a party triumph above every other consideration. If the redistribution scheme of the Government is a fair and impartial scheme, ought it not to be produced at once? If it is an unfair and a partisan scheme, ought it not to be rejected as soon as possible? Lord GRANVILLE, in what was perhaps the feeblest speech that an accomplished debater ever addressed on an important occasion to the House of Lords, affected to stand on his honour as to this Government scheme; and an attempt has been made to represent the wild scheme of a joint pledge by both Houses to pass any Redistribution Bill brought before them as a Government compromise. The only reply to such an attitude in the affairs of private life is a polite but silent bow of disclaimer, and it is difficult to see what other reply can be given in public affairs. But in both cases the person appealed to is usually inclined to dislike the security—to think that, on the whole, the less said about honour and the more said about explicit intentions the better. It is remarkable that every argument made in favour of the Bill, except this feeble effort of Lord GRANVILLE, was simply addressed to the question of enfranchisement, which Lord CAIRNS's Amendment in no way attacked. This avoidance of the issue is eloquent as to the facts of the case. And when it is taken with the open assertion (made not by Conservative partisans, not by hardened opponents of reform, but by Ministerialists and supporters of the Bill) that a rejection of the measure is just what Mr. GLADSTONE would wish in order to get up an agitation to cover his mismanagement in Egypt, Englishmen must be simpletons indeed if they allow themselves to be caught in a trap so open, even if it be baited with mounted farriers. They will not, if they are reasonable, be very much affected by the determination on the part of the Government that, if they cannot have their way, nobody else shall have his. The Deceased Wife's Sister sickness at the loss of her annual Bill, Wales has to wait for its education, Scotland lacks the expected Secretary, Mr. FIRTH and Mr. BEAL meet in waste places of the earth to bewail the London Misgovernment scheme. Lord SALISBURY, with a somewhat excessive generosity, has compared this proceeding to a mediæval interdict. It is possible that a baser comparison may have suggested itself to other minds. It is like—very like—the conduct of those excitable feminine persons of the lower classes who, when they cannot get their way, proceed to smash the crockery. They do not advance their desires, but they make the household uncomfortable. The truth is that the Franchise Bill from the beginning to the end has been a party move, and that its qualification (it is simply dishonest to call it rejection) by Lord CAIRNS's Amendment is nothing more than an attempt to convert a party move into a genuine measure for the examination and redress of possible grievances.

THE AMERICAN PRESIDENCY.

BEFORE these remarks are published Mr. CLEVELAND will probably have been nominated as the Democratic candidate for the Presidency, and the platform or declaration of the policy of the party will also have been announced. All the candidates for nomination except Mr. RANDALL support a revision of the tariff; but the issue of Protection or Free-trade will not be obtrusively presented to the country. The coincidence of the end of the Session of Congress with the meeting of the Democratic Convention at Chicago was perhaps not undesigned. In the year of a Presidential election legislation is generally made subordinate to the great trial of strength between the two political parties. It is probably on this ground that the Session has been unfruitful of important measures. The Democrats, who control the House, have not thought fit to use their strength for the improvement of the tariff. Their election managers are consequently at liberty to profess any opinions which may seem most advisable on proposals for the modification of the tariff. The Senate, by approving the Commercial Treaty with Mexico, did the Cobden Club the service of enabling Lord CARLINGFORD to refer to the single step in advance which sound economic principles had made during the current year. It cannot be said that the inaction of Congress has excited any popular feeling of disappointment. The people of the United States are seldom greedy of legislation, and it sometimes happens that scarcely a single omnibus passes the American Temple Bar. No

Bill which could have affected the Presidential election to the disadvantage of the Democrats would have had the smallest chance of success. They are, perhaps for the first time in a quarter of a century, within reach of political victory. If there is a President of their own choice, with a considerable majority in the House, they have only to wait a short time for predominance in the Senate. It is not unnatural that their leaders should have thought more of the approaching nomination than of legislative measures which might have been distasteful to some section of their party.

The choice of a President will probably indicate the future course of fiscal legislation. It is improbable that either a Republican candidate or a leader of the Democratic party should repeat the mistake which General HANCOCK committed during the contest of 1880. However laxly the pledges of the Convention may be interpreted, something must be done to satisfy or mitigate the just discontent of the victims of monopoly. The Republican Convention has committed the party to the extreme theory of Protection. The election of Mr. BLAINE would be equivalent to the national acceptance of the same perverse theories. It must be admitted that large numbers of politicians in both parties are interested in an entirely different class of issues. The supporters of Mr. BLAINE against his late competitors for nomination had no occasion to consider economic questions which were already decided by the terms of the official platform. The successful candidate was preferred to Mr. ARTHUR and Mr. EDMUNDS, who were like himself Protectionists, because he was supposed to be the most vigorous and resolute champion of JACKSON's rule that the spoils belong to the victors. Mr. ARTHUR, indeed, had obtained, and perhaps solicited, the support of the great body of officeholders; but Mr. BLAINE combined in a higher degree the qualifications of a popular orator and of a skilful party manager. The alleged obliquity of some of his proceedings when he was Speaker of the House of Representatives may have been thought to furnish an additional guarantee for his preference of party interests to public expediency. The same reasons which induce many of the most respectable Republicans to withhold their support from the Chicago nominee constitute his title to the approval of professional politicians. It is well understood that, in the event of his election, the services of his zealous adherents will not be left without reward. Only a few enthusiasts care for Civil Service Reform with its political consequences as earnestly as the regular manipulators of elections for their accustomed influence and gain. It is, perhaps, necessary that unwieldy constituencies should be subject to some kind of organization; and those who undertake the operation must be in some way paid for their services. The great cost of elections has hitherto been met by levies on official salaries, and on the other side by contributions from future candidates for employment. If patronage depended on merit, some new machinery must be devised for enabling the Constitution to work.

The Republican section which secured the nomination of Mr. BLAINE has its counterpart among Democratic partisans, especially in the city of New York. The more judicious leaders were not slow to appreciate the advantage which they might derive from the nomination of Mr. BLAINE. It became in the highest degree desirable that the adverse candidate should be strong, both in personal reputation and in the confidence of his party. The best mode of securing approximate unanimity was to nominate Mr. TILDEN, who first secured public confidence by his share in the exposure of TWEED and his gang. A still stronger personal claim was derived from the scandalous fraud by which Mr. TILDEN was eight years ago deprived of the Presidency after he had obtained a majority of votes. It is not improbable that Mr. TILDEN might have been nominated by acclamation, if he had not declined the candidature on the ground of age and infirmity. Several substitutes of the highest character were then proposed in opposition to Mr. BLAINE. Two Senators of great ability and unblemished honour, Mr. BAYARD and Mr. THURMAN, Mr. CARLISLE, now Speaker of the House of Representatives, or his predecessor Mr. RANDALL, would do credit to the choice of the party; but the most conspicuous candidate for nomination was Mr. CLEVELAND, who, as Governor of New York, has displayed the qualities which are most desirable in a President. On more than one occasion he has not shrunk from rejecting questionable Bills which had been passed by the State Legislature; and he has not used his patronage for the exclusive advantage of his party. In the North he was generally regarded as a stronger candidate than Mr. BAYARD or

MR. THURMAN, because it seemed probable that he would, in the final contest, carry with him the seventy-two votes of his powerful State. There could be no doubt that Mr. CLEVELAND, Mr. BAYARD, or Mr. THURMAN, would be supported by the dissentient Republicans who refuse to vote for Mr. BLAINE.

It might have been supposed that the New York Democrats would be united in favour of Mr. CLEVELAND; but the conduct which had gained for him the confidence of the best members of both parties was especially obnoxious to the club which takes its name from Tammany Hall. Mr. KELLY, the "boss" or head of the organization, has on former occasions sometimes given the Republicans an unexpected victory by seceding at the decisive moment from the Democratic party. With his followers he conspicuously represents the same principles which are professed or practised by Mr. BLAINE. The impartial policy of the Governor is odious in the eyes of Tammany, and it is the more bitterly resented because the club had aided his election to his present office. Accordingly KELLY, with an attendance as numerous as the train of a feudal potentate in an old Scotch Parliament, left New York for Chicago for the avowed purpose of defeating CLEVELAND. The delegates had been instructed by the State Convention to vote as a unit for the candidate preferred by the majority of their number; but the validity of similar resolutions has often been disputed; and the Tammany party hoped to prevent CLEVELAND from obtaining the necessary two-thirds majority. The National Convention has taken the matter into its own hands by determining, after a severe contest, that every State delegation is to vote as a unit. The consequence is that CLEVELAND receives the seventy-two votes of New York, though his opponents loudly protested that he would not be able to carry the State for the Democrats.

It must be satisfactory to the best class of Americans that even the Tammany delegates were compelled to vote for such candidates as BAYARD or THURMAN. The Convention was attended by a more prominent political adventurer than KELLY in the person of the late Governor of Massachusetts. General BUTLER, after accepting the empty compliment of a Greenback nomination, seems to have thought it possible that he might also be chosen by the regular Democratic Convention; but the Massachusetts delegation was silent when the name of the State was called. The able and unscrupulous demagogue who was once Republican leader of the House of Representatives, and afterwards Democratic Governor of New York, seems to have been loudly applauded by the multitude in the streets of Chicago. It was not likely that his pretensions would be seriously considered by the Convention. One result of such a nomination would have been the immediate rally of the malcontent Republicans to the cause of Mr. BLAINE, who is less objectionable than General BUTLER. His popularity with the mob, and the distrust with which he is regarded by the respectable classes, are largely due to his occasional profession of Socialistic doctrines. He might also compete with the Republican nominee for the favour of the Fenians and of the more turbulent Irish. The statement that Mr. BLAINE is honoured with the support of O'DONOVAN ROSSA may perhaps have been circulated by his enemies; but he probably hopes to detach from the ranks of the Democrats a sufficient number of voters to make good his losses through the secession of the independent Republicans. In the impending contest the Democrats will enjoy the unusual advantage of representing through their nominee the best characteristics of the Republic.

EGYPT.

WHOEVER is satisfied with the amount of public attention recently bestowed on Egyptian affairs in England must be a specially favourable subject for the operation of the apocryphal beatitude. He has evidently expected nothing, and he has been rewarded, by not being disappointed. That a genuine excitement existing on such a question as reform should interfere with the interest in a matter of foreign policy of small importance is reasonable enough. But, as every one who has the slightest acquaintance with politics—especially every one who has the slightest acquaintance with Radical wire-pullers and their wire-pulling arrangements—knows that the Franchise Bill agitation is wholly factitious, and as every one who is acquainted with the Egyptian question knows that nothing of more importance to England has occurred since Waterloo,

the contrast of fuss and apathy is a little significant. It could not have occurred even twenty years ago; it could still less have occurred fifty or sixty years earlier. But it would seem that the admirers of democracy are eager to give the fullest illustration of democratic incapacity to manage national affairs. If that is their object, they have certainly succeeded.

The proceedings of the Conference, though facilitated by the ingenious conduct of Mr. GLADSTONE and Lord GRANVILLE in reference to the preliminary agreement with France, have been delayed by the necessity of coming to a common estimate of the actual financial state of Egypt. Here, as so often before, it is necessary to discard ingenious but unauthorized abstracts of the supposed proceedings; but here, as before, it is perfectly possible to divine the general tenor of the negotiations. It is certain that the French representatives, and probable that the representatives of other Powers besides France, have endeavoured, or will endeavour, to represent the financial condition and prospects of Egypt as rosier than the official English statement considers them, and it is in the same way a probability, rising to something near a certainty, that whether this attempt be successful or not, the subsequent arrangement of ways and means to meet expenses will be by the same persons or agencies directed as much as possible to throwing the burden of retrenchment upon English or Egyptian shoulders. These two arguments are not dependent on backstairs tittle-tattle or on the lively imagination which supplies the lack of such tittle-tattle in the manufacture of so-called private information. They proceed from a consideration of the necessities of the case, which nothing can alter. And it follows from them that, whatever may be the result of the Conference, and whether or no the recent re-imbroilment of France in China, the cholera scare, and the urgent instances of Mr. GLADSTONE's Ministry may incline M. FERRY's Government to greater moderation than seemed at first probable, no settlement is possible which shall not be affected in a varying relative degree by two grave inconveniences. If the burden be thrown on England, as has been rumoured, the consideration, already small enough, for past and future sacrifices and for the abandonment of a paramount status on the Nile will be still further lessened; if, by juggling with the figures, the pressing needs of Egypt are overlooked, a gross breach of faith with the Egyptians will have been committed by England. By clever political sleight of hand, by judicious manipulation of mounted farriers, and by other devices of the same kind, the result may be more or less obscured to the ordinary English mind; but in itself it will and must be more or less of the character just indicated. There is a well-known story, told in thousands of different forms, of the novice in betting who, after immense pains, arranged a book by which with great good luck he might possibly win five shillings, and at the worst could not lose much more than a hundred pounds. The situation of England in a financial Conference conditioned by the Anglo-French Agreement is not unlike the state of this sportsman. But devotees of rigid accuracy may urge one difference—that it is not at present apparent how even the five shillings is in any circumstances to be secured.

Meanwhile the military situation grows more and more unfavourable, and is less and less attended to, while the duel between Mr. CLIFFORD LLOYD and Sir BENSON MAXWELL exhibits more and more clearly the difficulty, or rather impossibility, of carrying on the administration of Egypt under the proposed arrangements. It is a sufficiently bitter comment on the policy of Mr. GLADSTONE's Government that English troops—whose use at the most favourable season of the year was declared last autumn to be so impossible as to make the retention of Khartoum by their means out of the question—are now being advanced, in insufficient numbers it is true, if that is any consolation, far into the hottest regions of Egyptian territory at the very worst time of the whole twelvemonth. The complete fashion in which the Ministry have allowed themselves to be hoodwinked and mastered as to the knowledge of what is going on in Nubia makes it difficult even to guess what may be the actual demands upon this forlorn hope. They may be serious, they may be light. But, whatever they are, they will at once be the result and the condemnation of the vacillation and the inaction of the winter. The lesson that in difficulties there is no such certain plan of increasing those difficulties as doing nothing at all is a tolerably elementary one; but it does not seem to have been learnt by a Government which, if its admirers are to be believed, unites every talent and every virtue by which humanity is

dignified. The historian at least will rejoice, if he be either of a sarcastic or of a moralizing turn, in this spectacle of a Ministry fiddling with Franchise Bills and contracting for demonstrations, while a single English regiment has been sent unsupported in the most trying of climates to stem a probable invasion of unknown force, and while negotiations are proceeding for the transfer of Egypt from England which has won it, and is still to have the responsibility of governing it, to Europe which has done nothing, and proposes to do nothing, in the nature of a stroke of work on the matter.

With regard to the LLOYD-MAXWELL dispute, its personal element is, of course, of but small importance. It will hardly be denied by any one who has impartially considered the letters of the combatants that, putting aside altogether the question of his discretion in office, Mr. CLIFFORD LLOYD has the advantage in logic and (which might have been less expected) in temper; while he also retains the almost greater advantage of keeping public and private matters distinct, and observing a decent reticence as to official squabbles. This, however, is of less importance than the state of things which both the correspondents, from their different points of view, attest. And it may be said, without intending anything uncomplimentary to Sir BENSON MAXWELL, that the fact, the very well-known fact, of his being, of all Anglo-Egyptian officials, that one who is most of a *persona grata* to what, for shortness, may be called the French party in Egypt (that is to say, the party which the Anglo-French Agreement will make more powerful than ever), is not a pleasant reflection. Short and incomplete as Mr. CLIFFORD LLOYD's career in Egypt was, maimed as were his reforms, not merely by the want of backing from England, but by other special causes, no one who knows Eastern ways can doubt that his way, and not Sir BENSON MAXWELL's, is the way in which Egyptian tyranny and Egyptian corruption must be fought if they are fought at all. Mr. LLOYD went to work no doubt in a HAROUN-AL-RASHID, FREDERICK-the-GREAT, masterful-Indian-Resident fashion. Some of his proceedings (except that unluckily he had no Duke of WELLINGTON to back him) remind one of the famous legend of Sir THOMAS PICTON and the Commissary. Sir BENSON MAXWELL, on the other hand, is all for an orderly bureaucratic system, under which, it would appear, no wrong can possibly happen, because there is always some official whose business it is to draw up regulations to prevent that wrong. Your regulations drawn and your staff in full order, what can fellahs wish for more? That question need not be answered; but it is tolerably evident that the misgovernors of Egypt and those who profit by Egyptian misgovernment wish for nothing more, while they wish for nothing less than the methods of Mr. CLIFFORD LLOYD. Sir BENSON MAXWELL, on whose motives, let it be repeated, we throw no imputation whatever, has left Egypt, but his method has for the time triumphed. The result of the Conference can only confirm its triumph, and this will hardly be satisfactory to any Englishman who reads his own account of the matter.

THE ARMY.

AFTER the now customary delays the debate on the Army Estimates came on this week. It was of the usual character. Votes vary, but army debates change not. Critics, civil and military, get up, and point out, with their hearts and butter in their mouths, that we are really not fit to face the risks of a great war. Then the Secretary of State answers that we get along in peace, and ought to be duly thankful. The House approves of this manly and businesslike view, and the money asked for is voted. Even the members who are dissatisfied with the condition of the army show a pious readiness to be thankful for small mercies. Sir W. BARTELOT, who was exceptionally outspoken, did not propose to say anything about the army in India, "which was in a state of comparative efficiency, though 4,134 men short of its numbers." A concession of this kind is more damaging than the most severe criticism. We can, it seems, afford to be at ease in our minds as to India, because our army there—which is kept as weak as possible at all times, and is always liable for immediate service—is only several thousands below its proper strength. And then with what is its efficiency to be compared? With the home army, no doubt—in other words, with its only support. Of course Lord HARTINGTON pounced on Sir W. BARTELOT's unlucky phrase. He neatly dropped the qualifying adjective,

and triumphantly insisted that "a great deal had been accomplished when it was admitted that our home force was capable of supplying garrisons for India and for our colonial stations, which were allowed to be in an efficient and creditable state." That is the official theory. The British army does enough if it can keep its foreign garrisons just above starvation point, and pull through a war with savages every now and then. Moreover "was admitted" and "were allowed" are pretty phrases. Lord HARTINGTON does not answer for the efficiency; he only insisted that it was "admitted," at least by implication, by honourable and gallant members in the House. The first duty of a Secretary of State for War is to make his point in the House of Commons, not to keep the British army in a proper condition.

It would be the height of credulity to suppose that this pleasant Ministerial habit of shirking difficulties can be corrected by the criticism of mere outsiders; but, as the army is, after all, an object of some interest to all of us, we may just for our own sakes try and find what its condition really is. Lord HARTINGTON thinks it fairly satisfactory, because he was able to show that Sir W. BARTELOT went too far in saying that the country could not put ten thousand men in the field at a pinch. So much, no doubt, the British army could do; but it is at least possible that it may be suddenly called upon to do much more—to take part, for instance, in a great war in which ten thousand men might be lost in two or three engagements. To meet such a crisis we have, according to official reports, a standing army of 84,900 effective non-commissioned officers and men, of whom a majority have over one year's service, and are thirty-five inches and upwards round the chest. This force is only about two thousand below its full establishment. The first Army Reserve is composed of 37,493 men. Then there is the Militia Reserve, 28,482 strong; altogether, a grand total of 150,875 men on paper. We will not stop to inquire whether past experience justifies a blind confidence in official reports, or whether a little competent criticism might not reduce these figures. It may even be acknowledged that, if all the 150,000 were well-drilled and well-grown men, and if the necessary guns, horses, and transport were ready to hand, the country could do with this force. It is little enough for the work it would have to do—to support garrisons from Halifax to Hong Kong; to supply the acknowledged deficiencies of the Indian army, and strengthen it as it would need to be strengthened in face of the armed forces of the native princes, the advance of Russia on the North-West, and the growth of a great French military colony to the East, besides supplying a couple of army corps to help an ally in Europe. Still, if it were thoroughly efficient, properly supported by the fleet, and intelligently directed, an army of a hundred and fifty thousand men would at least save us from being taken unprepared. Be it remembered, moreover, that this calculation is based on the supposition that no soldiers would be needed in Ireland. But we all know how much virtue there is in this string of "ifs." Before a single battalion can be sent abroad it has to be weeded of men who are physically unfit for service in the field. If the whole army had to be mobilized it would almost certainly be found that the first Reserve did no more than make good the deficiencies which would immediately be felt in the line. As for the guns, horses, and transport, they are with next year's snows. The elements are there of course. There is metal in the mines, there are horses on farms, and ships in the ports, only, unluckily, the first has not been smelted, the second have not been trained, and the third are not fitted. When the army was actually in the field, having been carried there by the transport for one army corps which we may possess if the War Office has not made a mistake, the difficulty of recruiting it would at once arise, and the security of the country would have to be provided for. According to Lord HARTINGTON, we have no less than 311,000 men in round numbers to rely on for the discharge of this double duty. There is the Militia, excluding the Militia Reserve, a force of 82,525 men, with its cavalry, the Yeomanry, 11,400 strong, and the second-class Army Reserve of 8,065 middle-aged persons. Finally, there are the Volunteers in their thousands, 209,000 in all. Here are men enough, says my Lord HARTINGTON, to defend our shores and, we suppose, garrison Ireland. If men would do, army organization would be a very easy business; but experience shows that they, though very necessary, will not do by themselves. All this mass of men with muskets would be useless at a crisis because they have very little

cavalry, no field guns, no horses, most of them no kit, because they are totally destitute of organization, of transport, of commissariat, of field hospitals, and of experience. HANNIBAL himself could not move fifty thousand of them fifty miles across country if he came back from the dead for no other purpose. If they were called out, they could not be fed except in the great towns. It would be the very insanity of folly to entrust the defence of England to Militiamen and Volunteers till they had been mobilized for a year at least, and their innumerable deficiencies had been supplied. Until that had been done the standing army would be useless for offensive operations on a large scale, which is another way of saying that it would be nearly harmless to the enemy. And this is not denied by Ministers, but they are content with things as they are, because money would be needed to put them right, and the country might be alarmed by the truth.

When the essential is shirked, it follows as a matter of course that subordinate questions are treated in the same fashion. Yet some of these are important enough. There is the question of fortifications for our coaling stations in distant seas. That is a matter which is extremely likely to force itself on our attention in case of war. It is unnecessary to say that it is being dealt with in the usual Ministerial and Parliamentary fashion. A Committee has been sitting to inquire into it, and the War Office keep the results of its labours very dark. When Lord HARTINGTON's attention was called to the facts he acknowledged their truth, jeered at the Opposition for having been officially inefficient in their day, and ended by saying that if the colonial authorities can be got to do the handsome thing something may perhaps be done some day. Defences for our home ports are likely to be found needful in these days of swift steam cruisers, those we have require strengthening, and in many cases the work is still to begin. It cannot be done, however, because, as Lord HARTINGTON pointed out, it would be impossible to fortify all the ports, and to protect only some would be invidious. To spare the feelings of Bridport, Liverpool and Hull must be left at the mercy of French cruisers. Because the local patriotism of Arbroath might be hurt if it were not thought worthy of earthworks and a battery of heavy guns, Glasgow must be left to shut the Clyde for itself. The debate on Monday night proved the following things for the fiftieth time—firstly, that Secretaries of State for War think it unnecessary that the British army should be a really formidable fighting force; secondly, that they do think it the greatest triumph in life to say "You're another" very pat; thirdly, that Ministers, Parliament, and the country itself apparently think it better to waste nearly 16,000,000*l.* on a pretentious failure rather than "alarm the country" (the very words of Lord HARTINGTON) by going seriously to work to put things right. It is better to seduce the people by saying peace, and there was no peace. Lord HARTINGTON has probably gauged the country aright when he thinks it prefers muddle and ultimate danger to being disturbed by the ugly face of truth.

CONVERTED IMPS.

WHEN we see at the pantomime the well-drilled ranks of little imps, fairies, animated flowers, gnomes, robin redbreasts, and what not, we probably think of them only in the mass. That each fairy, bird, or frog is a separate child, with some kind of home and some sort of family, is a reflection that scarcely occurs to us. We only observe an aggregate of little beings in the gayest clothing of romance, and with the shrewd plain features of the regular London street urchin. A pretty pantomime imp is a very rare bird indeed; the vast majority have lank, scanty, dark hair, turned up noses, impudent mouths, and uninteresting eyes. Yet each of these hundreds of children is a little CINDERELLA, who every night during her engagement has her hour or two of dancing and brilliant array, and then escapes at midnight into the dark and the unknown shivering world of poverty.

A benevolent though not very grammatical nor polished writer, Miss BARLEE, has been tracking these poor CINDERELLAS to their homes. In *Pantomime Waifs*, a book published by MESSRS. PARTRIDGE, and dedicated to the Earl of SHAFTESBURY, we get about as odd pictures of life and as queer divergent views about the conduct of human existence as have ever been put together. Here, on the strangest theatre, the old conflict between the Church (or the Chapel) and the World, between Pascal and *les indifférents*, is

going on. Each side states its view of what makes life worth living, the missionary and his friends being all for an asceticism which is nearer actual starvation than most fasts, while the pantomime imps declare their preference for being "jolly and happy."

The worthy people who are trying to help, shelter, and convert the children of the pantomime admit, to do them justice, that even on the stage life may be lived well, as MARCUS AURELIUS said it might be in a palace. But in a "coffee palace" they think life may be lived much better. They show us converted imps who, after being "jolly and happy" on the boards, are now earning such starvation wages as virtue gets for making match-boxes. This really is too terrible a picture. A man must have a great deal of confidence in his own opinion who induces children to turn their backs on a pleasant competence, and devote themselves to endless hunger and endless labour, all because the stage is "a dangerous place." What converts in any land give up more for their new creed than these poor tiny proselytes, who leave a "jolly and happy life" for constant daily drudgery in a cellar? For example, we read about three imps "who supported an invalid mother by their joint earnings." Their gains, as our author says elsewhere, "were incredible." Another imp had been to see two managers who offered a pound a week, and was going to see a more enterprising capitalist, who would "give thirty shillings, I know, 'like a shot.'" Surely it is a mistaken piety which would win these young artists from a form of art which is appreciated by Mr. RUSKIN, and in which they excel, to offer them in exchange labour by means of which they could never support an invalid mother. Of course it is a pity that an Infant Phenomenon of seven, who earns twenty pounds a week, should "spend too much in wine and sweeties." But the real way to benefit pantomime children is not to make them desert their profession and write letters full of Evangelical terminology, but to see that they are well taken care of and sheltered both on and off the stage. Their profession is one which must always exist, and always offer irresistible attractions to active clever children, full of life, and fond of fine dresses and of applause. Our author says that out of ten children who apply for places in the music-halls and theatres only one is engaged. The drill needed is arduous and the work hard, but then "the pay is proportionately good," much better than the pay for blacklead-packing or match-making. Our author wails over the infants who "offer themselves, their talents, youth, and 'innocence for a mess of pottage.'" The innocence of children left to take care of themselves in the gutter and to win their own living can hardly be endangered more on the stage than in a factory. The "talents" are less wasted in dancing than in blacklead-packing. The mess of pottage is a more substantial *plat* than the capitalist who speculates in match-box-making is likely to offer. On the whole, then, the pantomime children scarcely need the pity of the benevolent. For six weeks the successful candidates are in training and short canvas Bloomer costumes—all for the enjoyment of "a pleasure-seeking public, which feasts on 'this annual Holocaust.'" It would be agreeable to learn what this enthusiast means by a Holocaust, and whether the children who toil at blacklead-packing are a Holocaust also. To stand "poised on the points of the toes, pirouetting on one foot, with the other high in the air," is not, to the very young, a disagreeable way of being made a metaphorical whole burnt-offering. Then the sums paid for proficiency in this art, as we have seen, are "incredulous"; whereas the earnings of the blacklead-packer are infinitesimal. But a poor little child who "was a Demon, and 'had to yell loud'" (what character could a child assume with more pleasure?), "came under Christian influence," and now receives twopence-halfpenny a gross for wrapping blacklead in paper parcels. This child was, according to the description, a very good and jolly child who aided a sick mother. How she can help her mother now on a miserable fee which scarcely supports life we do not understand. The mother (if she survives) probably has her own opinion of the "Christian influences" which converted her brave little daughter from a ministering Demon into a starveling and hopeless drudge. Another child was missing from a troop who had been taken to play in a pantomime at the Crystal Palace. When the performance began, however, she was in her place, and had earned half-a-crown by dancing at a circus near the gardens. The child had doubled her work in this independent and sudden manner for the sake of a sick mother. "She would have danced night and day could she thereby have procured her parent greater

"comfort." This child's "heart had been touched by illuminated texts," but she died young before taking to packing blacklead at twopence-halfpenny the gross.

Pantomime children, we hear, "like their life" and their profession. So few of us who have any profession like our lives, that it seems really cruel to diminish the number of the contented by aid of illuminated texts. Yet an Imp's life is not always a happy one. These little artists delight in taking the parts of animals, especially when two children go to make up one beast. But even here the head has to be kept thrown back for a long time, and of course the heat must be intense. "Much endurance has to be borne by children," says our honest voyager into pantomime land, admitting, by the way, that "no one, in the present state of the labour market, denounces the occupation as wrong." Thus it appears that morality depends on the state of the labour market. An opposite and sterner view must be held by the owners of the "Christian influences" which converted the ministering Demon. The "real cruelty comes in" when a poor child has become perfect as a wolf, or a crab, but has outgrown his crab-shell or his wolf-skin. "To save the purchase of a new skin, the child is forced into an old one," than which no form of meanness can be more detestable. Sometimes, too, a Blue Fiend with bat wings and a forked tail has been found writhing beneath the cane of a cruel mistress. The Blue Fiend had outgrown its wings, and could not flutter naturally in the circumstances. No training is needed for a wave, who merely runs about on all-fours under a painted ocean, and earns three-and-sixpence for this delightful form of industry.

Many pantomime children are supporting themselves by their labours, because their parents refuse to support them. Two little ones had a father so depraved that it was impossible for them to live in his house. They, therefore, accepted an engagement in a pantomime, shared rooms with another girl, and kept their address secret. To this secure home the eldest girl brought her youngest sister, a child of ten, who was ill from cold and hunger. The little girl died, and the others buried her at their own expense. These two thought that their profession did not suit their health, and they migrated to a factory, which they find more congenial. Probably pantomime children can best be aided by people who are not out of sympathy with their art. It is not necessary to drive them from the stage; it is desirable to make their profession as healthy and their daily life as pure as possible.

THE LONDON GOVERNMENT BILL.

ALTHOUGH Mr. GLADSTONE could rely on his faithful majority to vote for the London Government Bill, it is difficult to understand why he should have thought it necessary to press on the second reading. The dissent of few Liberal Metropolitan members would more than counterbalance an unnecessary display of the general loyalty of the party; and the sanction which might have been given to the principle of the Bill would in the next Session be either superfluous or inoperative. The present House of Commons will require no appeal to its own previous expression of opinion, and a new Parliament of a different colour would pay little respect to a decision which might have been practically overruled. In the present case there was neither real nor pretended urgency, for many of the Ministerial supporters have protested against an obvious waste of time. The fifteen members who listened to the beginning of Sir W. HARCOURT's skilful speech only increased their numbers in the course of two hours to fifty. Although a modest and retiring orator prefers, according to his own account, the dinner-hour, in which he can address empty benches, he would have commanded a larger audience if the measure had excited any considerable interest. A comparatively unusual course of proceeding was not justified by argumentative success. A Minister who has spoken fully on the introduction of a Bill generally contents himself with a formal motion for the second reading, reserving to himself the opportunity of intervening at the most convenient stage of the debate. Sir W. HARCOURT, by the course which he preferred, was forced to confine his answer to the objections which have been taken to the Bill in the press and at public meetings; and his defence against his chosen opponents was confined to secondary issues. The Vestries and the local ratepayers were assured that they would retain their independent action under another name, and objections to centralization were met by reference to

the establishment of the Metropolitan Board of Works thirty years ago. Of the political dangers which are apprehended by the serious opponents of the measure no notice was taken.

If Sir W. HARCOURT's old professional instincts had not been dulled by disuse, he would scarcely have argued that the London Government Bill ought to be passed because the cholera has lately appeared at Toulon. In former times and under more stringent dialectic conditions he would not have proposed to rely on the evidence of facts which occurred after the cause of action arose. When the Bill passed the first reading there was no cholera in Europe; and probably for that reason it was not prominently described as a sanitary measure. It now appears that it is as indispensable to the preservation of life as the ill-fated Merchant Shipping Bill, of which the primary purpose was supposed to be the diminution of preventible mortality. It is in the highest degree desirable that there should be an efficient sanitary authority in London, as elsewhere; but the inference that the duty will be best discharged for a population of five millions by an elected Council of two hundred and forty members is entirely arbitrary. On this and on all other points of the controversy it is necessary to insist on the total absence of precedent for a municipal Government of enormous magnitude. Sir C. DILKE's fierce attack on the sanitary administration of the Vestries is calculated to provoke reasonable anxiety. The wards which will choose the members of the Common Council will probably coincide with the districts now governed by the Vestries, and the constituencies will be the same. It is possible that some advantage may result from a central control, but it by no means follows that the best sanitary authority will be that which is to be constituted by the Bill. It is at least certain that the argument from the Toulon cholera was an afterthought, and Sir W. HARCOURT forgot that the Bill would not come into operation in time to meet an immediate emergency.

Reasonable opponents of the Ministerial measure have no objection to the creation or extension of administrative powers which may possibly be required for the whole metropolitan area. The machinery of the Metropolitan Board of Works was first established, and has been since enlarged and modified with exclusive reference to the functions which it has for that reason successfully discharged. The constitution of the Board was either a happy accident or a result of prescient sagacity. From its first commencement the members have been chosen for their ability and experience in local government, nor is it known that any member of the body has used his position for purposes of personal aggrandizement. There are no parties in the Board; nor have divisions of opinion on practical questions at any time coincided with political distinctions. The majority of the Board has probably always consisted of Liberal politicians; and yet the Chairman, whom his colleagues have re-elected to office in many successive years, is a Conservative member of Parliament, formerly an officer in the army. It is impossible to dispute the connexion between the neutral or disinterested character of the Board and the system of secondary election. Popular constituencies, whatever may be their merits, have the defect of habitual indifference to the fitness of candidates. The result is less mischievous where the elected body has only to speak and to vote. Administrative duties require more special qualifications. Even the London Government Bill provides that the Lord Mayor shall be elected by the Common Council, and not by the body of ratepayers. The Councillors themselves would, after a short interval, be selected exclusively on political grounds, and probably at the instance of the Radical Clubs and Caucuses, which are the only metropolitan supporters of the Bill. A better local Parliament might be created if the central body were elected by the District Councils; but the agitators could not be expected to renounce the main object of the movement. In London as in Birmingham the higher class of citizens would be municipally as well as politically excommunicated. As revolution advances, all those who have anything to lose will become more and more Conservative in their opinions. Their nonconformity would be punished by exclusion from the Common Council, even if the managers of the Caucus failed in some instances to control the choice of District Councillors. The doubt whether under the new constitution municipal office will be an object of ambition may be confidently solved. There will be abundant competition for seats in the Council; but the aspirants will consist of demagogues and wire-pullers. Even if the new Corporation

should attain the respectable level of the London School Board, it will not be more efficient than the present Board of Works.

The debate on which two or three of the few remaining days of the Session were misspent was unusually tame and uninteresting. Sir CHARLES DILKE and Mr. G. RUSSELL made smart attacks on the Clerkenwell Vestry; and it is to be hoped that the house-owners and jobbers who are accused of mismanaging its business will mend their ways when they are called a District Council instead of a Vestry. The most practical speech of the debate was delivered by Mr. SCLATER-BOOTH. It is well that the commonplace fallacies about gas and water supply should be for once corrected. Sir JAMES HOGG had already explained that the Metropolitan Board could deal with the water supply, though Bills which he had introduced for the purpose had been rejected on their merits. It is hardly worth while to carry any further for the present the discussion of a scheme which is now adjourned to next Session. The subject seems to have had little interest for the House; and, if Lord GEORGE HAMILTON is right, it fails to command the support of the majority of metropolitan members. It may be inferred that they consult the opinion of their constituents; but perhaps some of them may be converted, if the Government persists in its present policy. The LORD MAYOR and his allies were with some justice accused of urging against the second reading arguments which might be more appropriately considered in Committee. They would, perhaps, have excused themselves on the ground that the details constitute the substance of the Bill. Sir SYDNEY WATERLOW, who preferred his party to his civic relations, held that it would be necessary to make a fundamental change in the proposed division of functions between the local and the central Councils. He was also of opinion that the ancient dignity of Alderman should be maintained; and it is not improbable that in a future edition of the Bill the title will be given to the Presidents of the District Councils, who will themselves have seats in the Common Council. The alternative project of a group of metropolitan municipalities was neither embodied in amendments nor seriously recommended in the course of the debate. Mr. GLADSTONE's objection that the areas of the Parliamentary boroughs will be altered in the process of redistribution would have been more conclusive if the London Government Bill had been passed in the present Session. It would be a waste of time to discuss a scheme which has no longer any Parliamentary supporters. Whenever the languid controversy is revived, many provisions of the Bill ought to be omitted or largely altered. It is, for instance, intolerable that the new Corporation should have unlimited power to extend its borders by annexation of suburban towns and districts. There is no more fruitful subject of contention than the proposals of large towns to absorb neighbouring territory. The outlying ratepayers almost always protest against measures which invariably increase their burdens. It would be evidently unjust that the Common Council should be made judge in its own case, especially as the districts which they would probably wish to appropriate are for the most part populous and wealthy.

"THE COUNTRY."

WE have heard a good deal during the past few weeks, and we shall hear a great deal more during the next, of the "country," the "people," the "nation," and so forth. Some Radical prints emphasize the idea supposed to be expressed in these words by beginning them with capital letters. "The Lords," we are told, "are thwarting the will of the 'Country,' of the 'People,' of the 'Nation,' and the rest of it; and therefore something very serious (though indefinite) is going to befall the House of Lords—something, to use the stock phrase of platform orators, "the consequences of which no man can foresee." During what is called the "silly season"—that is, the months of August and September—many foolish things will be said and done. Mr. JOHN MORLEY, borrowing (without acknowledgment) a phrase from one of Mr. BRIGHT's early and most vigorous speeches, will again ask if those who struck the lion down are now to pay homage to the wolf. Mr. THOROLD ROGERS, who, as the *Times* the other day informed the world, is both a scholar and a gentleman, will again instruct the public as to the morals of the aristocracy with which he happens to be so intimately

acquainted. What, indeed, we may ask with that newspaper, may not be expected from the rank and file of the Radical party when a man of the delicacy, polish, and urbanity of Mr. ROGERS indulges in rhetoric of this sort? Mr. CHAMBERLAIN will again talk of the great changes which are impending over the Constitution, and which are to be brought about without violence, but by something which he would rather not speak of more fully. The keynote of the misrepresentation, of which we are to hear so much in the dog-days, was struck on Wednesday evening by Sir CHARLES DILKE. "It is a struggle," he said, speaking of that on which we are now entering, "for the extension of the franchise to two millions of people." No one knows better than Sir CHARLES DILKE that it is nothing of the kind. It is a struggle on the Conservative side simply to prevent the separation of two things which must not be kept apart—to prevent the danger that the Government, having secured an obedient majority under the Bill which the House of Lords has rejected, might so manipulate the constituencies in their Redistribution Bill that all parties but one would not be represented at all in the future. All politicians alike, Liberals and Conservatives, are agreed as to the extension of the suffrage. Lord BEACONSFIELD had no objection to it, and opposed Mr. TREVELYAN's proposal in the year 1874 on exactly the same grounds as those on which the House of Lords has thrown out the Bill—namely, that enfranchisement cannot be considered apart from redistribution. "But," we are told, "the country will not understand these distinctions. It will simply take note of the fact that the 'Lords have rejected the Bill.' Now we do not believe in the total imbecility of the great body of our countrymen. We believe that they are perfectly well able to understand the ground on which the Bill is thrown out. But what may fairly puzzle the less intelligent voter is the spectacle (of which we shall have abundant examples in the next few months) of Liberal members of Parliament, guaranteed by the *Times* to be either scholars or gentlemen, or both, asserting in an open meeting of their countrymen that which every speaker, as he utters the words, knows to be false—namely, that the House of Lords objects to enfranchise two millions of rural householders. The listener is then put in this difficulty—either the House of Lords has acted as stated, or else the orator is—something which we had rather not define too accurately. But we have hopes that the country will solve the problem without great mental effort. The more widely the question is discussed the more clearly will it be seen that the separation of the two questions is a mere party manoeuvre. It is easy for the least intelligent voter to see that, in counties which contain several large urban constituencies, redistribution and the rearrangement of boundaries may serve to make the artisan supreme in the counties as he is in the boroughs. Take the case of a county in which the two parties are fairly evenly divided, and assume that the new voters created by the Bill are evenly divided between the two. By simply leaving the boundaries as they are, the urban element will grow out into the country, and thus the character of the electorate will naturally be changed. What may happen when Radical wire-pullers set to work with malice prepense in their scheme of redistribution to artificially arrange the constituencies according to their own convenience, the future only can show us. The scheme itself is feasible, and there is nothing in the character of the present or future Liberal leaders to show that they are not likely to adopt it. But here, again, lies one of the hopes that the agitation against the House of Lords will fail. In every corner of the country the present or future voter, who knows the local circumstances which affect his particular case, can see, if the matter is fairly put before him, that whether his enfranchisement is nominal or real depends, not on the Bill now under discussion, but on the other Bill on which the Government declines to give any information. We believe the country, taking it all through, to be Conservative in its temper and feelings. But it requires little ingenuity so to manipulate an electoral system that even a majority may be turned into a minority, and that a minority may be hopelessly silenced. This, and nothing else, is the question now before the country. The duty now incumbent on the Conservative party is to meet the Radical agitation at every point; to declare everywhere, in the most emphatic terms, that it is a shameless misrepresentation to assert that the House of Lords and the Conservative party are opposed to the admission of the rural householders to the franchise; and to show that (following in this matter the advice of Mr. BRIGHT) they only pause to give the shadow till they, and

the country to which they appeal, know what the substance is to be. It is of vital importance to the Conservative cause that in every part and corner of the country no effort should be spared anywhere by Conservatives to put this question in its true light before the people.

EARLY CLOSING.

THERE was a quite exceptional little meeting at Exeter Hall on Thursday. It was not noisy or fanatical, and it did show that private enterprise had been the means of forwarding a very good work. The Early Closing Association held its annual meeting to report progress, and what it had to say was in every way satisfactory. In spite of many temptations, the Association has kept tight hold of common sense. Nowadays, when any body of persons unite to do a good turn to others, they seem to find it absolutely necessary to abuse some third party. They clamour for the general overturn of something, and appeal to Parliament for a nice little law giving them the power to tie the hands of whomsoever they choose. The Early Closing Association has done neither of these things. It has gone quietly along, persuading the shopkeepers who overwork their hands that it is not only a humane, but also a sensible, thing to be moderate in exacting service. The people who support the Association have given solid proof that they are not playing at philanthropy. It is no interest of theirs that shops should shut earlier than they used to do; and, if they take an interest in the matter, it is out of pure kindness to the men and women who suffered, and still do suffer, from the consequences of the fight for custom among traders. When a movement of this sort, which has a good object before it and goes the right way to work, secures a fair measure of success, the fact is to be noted with satisfaction. And the Early Closing Association has been reasonably successful. It is financially sound, and the Board of Management has been able to get a number of extra holidays for the people employed in shops and warehouses. It is able to record the fact that one hundred and six large houses closed their doors from the 22nd of December to the following Thursday morning. At Easter also one hundred and fifteen others gave four days' holiday. These figures are more important even than they look. When large wholesale places of business rest from work, a number of little people who do not figure in returns rest too. This represents a very distinct gain for some thousands of hard-worked servants.

If all the clamour made about overcrowding a few months ago and other occasional explosions of the same sort are not mere affairs of fashion, the exertions of the Early Closing Association are well entitled to attention. It is working in a kindred matter, and that without crying for an Act of Parliament. There is no need to suppose that it does all the good it imagines it is doing. Associations of all kinds are apt to credit themselves with the whole merit of producing the reform they fight for, whereas they are quite as much the effect as the cause. The Early Closing Association is as yet very far from having been completely successful, and there is much to do beyond getting shops shut at a reasonable hour. Even when hours of work are not manifestly excessive, there is much in the method which is simply cruel. There probably never was a more barbarous rule than that which compels attendants in shops and at bars to stand up all day. Behind things of this kind, which are more or less in view, there are abuses of a still worse description—overcrowded workshops, night-work, and mere unventilated dens used as bed-rooms. Whoever sets about reforming these evils will very soon discover that there are pretty close limits to what he can do. Monotonous physical labour will never be anything but monotonous physical labour to the end of time, and it will continue to be done by men and women who are driven to it by necessity. Its surroundings will under no conceivable condition of the world be anything but so unpleasant as to appear intolerable to people accustomed to better things. It is, however, quite another thing to say that they must be as sordid as the carelessness and selfishness of employers who think themselves entitled to get whatever they can out of the necessities of the poor who work for them can make them. As long as Early Closing Associations, Shop Labour Leagues, and other bodies of this kind, are engaged in showing up these evils, and trying to persuade those who have the power to remedy them spontaneously, they are very well

employed. It is very slow work. Such success as they do obtain is got little by little, and they have to face the discouraging fact that it is generally won where it is least needed. The shops in the West End, which were always the best, have become better, while those at the East End remain nearly what they always were. Much, however, has been gained by merely setting up a better standard. Since it has been loudly asserted and universally agreed that a shipmaster who thinks only of his profit is little better than a rogue, there has certainly been much less carelessness in fitting out ships for sea. When it is an equally accepted belief that the shopkeeper who overworks his assistants and abuses the power of his purse is as bad as the reckless shipowner, the majority of the class will begin to reflect that, after all, it is worth while spending money on their character. Charitable Societies can help this species of education forward very materially by merely reiterating publicly that such and such things are good to be done, and pointing out that many have been persuaded to do them and are none the worse for it.

The work they do among the employed is of as much importance as anything they can do among the employers. It is a very excellent thing that decency of life should be shown to be good in itself. Piggery has been the condition of great numbers of workpeople, simply because they have never valued anything higher. Where they insist on better things they will get them, or make them for themselves. Shopkeepers must buy their labour on market terms like other employers. If they find they have to give better conditions in order to obtain a good class of assistants, they will give them. Hitherto they have profited by one of the innumerable delusions of life. There has been a belief among the working class that work in a shop was more creditable, and therefore desirable, than work of a mechanical kind. It was paid in honour of a kind, and, consequently, badly enough rewarded in other respects. When once it has been well demonstrated that shopwork is ill paid in every respect, and is not by any means a good in itself, the sons and daughters of country labourers and artisans may begin to think that the trade of their parents is worth sticking to. They will at least make a point of getting some tangible gain before leaving it. When they are well convinced that decency and comfort are the only reasonable objects to fight for, they will begin to develop the virtues of temperance and foresight to a much greater degree. At present the baser kind of employer profits by the incredible carelessness of a great many of them. The remedy for this lies in their own hands, and whoever goes about to persuade them of the truth does the State very genuine service in more ways than one. Of late, whenever an evil has been suddenly recognized after existing placidly for generations, the cry has been for an Act of Parliament to put it right. Because some general nuisance has been stopped by law, or a particular scandal corrected, it has been argued that every possible wrong can be corrected by legislation. The craze is comparatively quiet for the moment; but, if it is to be cured for good, it will be by the example of people like the members of the Early Closing Association, who trust to their own exertions and steadily refuse to call on the Parliamentary Hercules. If they can show that they are gaining ground, they will be the better able to keep a check on the minority among themselves who are calling for the application of the popular nostrum.

THE PLANS OF THE GOVERNMENT.

THE Ministerial parts in the pompous drama now in "active preparation" have been promptly distributed. Sir CHARLES DILKE is doing the roaring; the PRIME MINISTER'S rôle is for the moment that of "the sucking-dove." Nothing could have been in more striking contrast with his famous speech on the third reading of the Franchise Bill than his statement of last Thursday night; it was as thoroughly becoming the position and person of the speaker as the other had been the reverse. Mr. GLADSTONE had no opinion to express on the House of Commons or the action of the Lords; he confined himself, as was right and proper, to a dry, businesslike, and unrhymed statement of the effect of that action upon the Ministerial plans. For the substance of that statement his hearers were universally prepared—it having, indeed, been delivered only an hour or two before in that assembly of Liberal members whom Mr. GOSCHEN disgusted by talking the language of good sense and moderation to

them and Mr. BRIGHT delighted by addressing them in a more congenial spirit. The House met in expectation of the announcement that the business of the Session would be speedily wound up, and Parliament reassembled after a two months' prorogation for an autumn Session; and Mr. GLADSTONE, as has been said, was content to make this announcement in the simplest possible way. Simplest, at least, so far as regards the absence of rhetorical appeal of any sort, for simple in the sense of unambiguous no utterance of the PRIME MINISTER's has ever been. Even in the course of the few sentences in which he described the autumnal programme of the Government, he contrived to produce on the mind of Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE the impression that the redistribution scheme as well as the Franchise Bill was to be taken up in November next. The mere suspicion, however, of such a lapse into straightforward and aboveboard dealing was obviously felt to be too injurious to the Government to be endured; and Mr. GLADSTONE promptly disposed of it. It is not the intention of the Government to unbind the eyes of the Legislature and the country in the autumn Session any more than in the present one. The Franchise Bill is again to be taken by itself, and Parliament is to be summoned to pass it. The public are to be asked to accept it, then as now, in the dark.

Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE's mistake, however, was on the whole a fortunate one, for its correction served incidentally to bring the peculiar characteristics of the Ministerial policy into a very clear light. It created the opportunity for a distinct challenge to Ministers to take advantage of the interval which the rejection of the Franchise Bill has secured to them, and to construct their redistribution scheme, and submit it to the House in the form of a Bill before Parliament is called upon to consider the rejected measure of enfranchisement a second time. The reply of Mr. GLADSTONE to this challenge consisted, as every one must have known it would, in an appeal to the stale and inapplicable old precedent of 1866, when "from the moment of Ministers adding a Redistribution Bill to their Franchise Bill all chance of passing the latter measure vanished." Now no one knows better than Mr. GLADSTONE that the Reform Bill of 1866—and for that matter the Administration that introduced it—was already moribund when the Seats Bill was brought in. The "majority of five" division had virtually killed it; and, whatever course had been taken by the Government, its end could only have been a question of days. As a matter of fact Lord RUSSELL and his colleagues chose to make a last bid for the renewal of their expiring lease of official life by laying their scheme of redistribution on the table; but, though this attempt at conciliation proved abortive, it is purely misleading to pretend that it affected the Ministerial position for the worse. The Government would have perished in any case; it will not do to describe its days as having been actually shortened by an expedient which simply failed to prolong them. To compare Mr. GLADSTONE's position in 1884 with that of Lord RUSSELL in 1866—and this is the comparison which the PREMIER constantly suggests, and which his argument requires—is preposterous. Alike in the magnitude and cohesion of his majority and in the extent of his own personal ascendancy over his followers, the power of the present PRIME MINISTER stands related to that of his predecessor of eighteen years almost as the authority of an absolute despot to that of the weakest occupant of the most shaky of constitutional thrones. To argue that the developed art of obstruction has provided a Parliamentary Opposition with new means of resistance even to the most powerful of Governments is, for the purposes of the parallel between the cases of 1866 and 1884, beside the question. Lord RUSSELL's Reform Bill was destroyed not by the Opposition but by rebellious Ministerialists. Its enemies were those of its own household; and that is precisely the sort of enmity which Mr. GLADSTONE's franchise legislation has not had to encounter. The contention that, from the mere point of view of available time, it is impossible to "run" a Franchise Bill and a Redistribution Bill together in the same Session was conclusively disposed of the other night in the House of Lords. As much time, it was then pointed out, had been spent in the House of Commons in protesting against the severance of the two questions, and in endeavouring to compel Ministers to provide against the evil effects of that severance, as would have sufficed to examine and settle the details of a Redistribution Bill. It is not, of course, contended that the two measures could be passed together in eight or nine weeks of an autumn Session; but

that is no reason why the Government should not have responded in a straightforward manner to the eminently fair suggestion of Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, and consented to lay their scheme of redistribution on the table in October next.

The truth is that supposing the people upon whose passions and prejudices the agitators propose to work to be capable of appreciating or willing to appreciate the merits of the question really at issue between the two Houses, they would regard the whole conflict with an indifference which all the Caucuses in the country would be unable to disturb. They would simply view it as the result of a Ministerial attempt to secure an illicit party advantage, and of a very natural resolve on the part of the Opposition to thwart it. The utter hollowness of the charge against the House of Lords of opposing itself to the will of the nation would, in fact, become apparent. It would be seen that that House is only insisting on the adoption of a course which Ministers themselves admit to be the best course, if only it be a practicable one, and at the same time that none of the arguments whereby they endeavour to prove it impracticable will bear the slightest examination. The Lords declare and the Government agree that enfranchisement and redistribution ought, if possible, to take place together; but while the former affirm, the latter deny, that the requisite legislation for combining them might have been accomplished in the present Session. The facts themselves refute the denial; but let that pass. It being granted for the sake of argument that the two processes could not have been effected together, it is then asked whether the Government will delay the operation by the first process until it can be accompanied by the second; and it thereupon appears that, though the Government are willing to do a variety of things more or less distantly resembling this, the thing itself they will not do. They will give their word, but they object to giving their bond; and in giving their word they are scrupulously careful to point out that circumstances may prevent their redeeming it. The security they offer for the ultimate realization of the admittedly best plan of procedure is not, they constantly tell us, an absolute security; but, though they can give a security of that kind, they will not. What is to be thought of their refusal? It speaks for itself, as does also Mr. GLADSTONE's rejection of Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE's suggestion last Thursday night. The Government, in a word, will do anything but give binding force to their professions on the subject of electoral reform. They will offer this, that, or the other compromise—down even to that illusory proposal made privately to the Conservative leader in the Upper House after the first night's debate, and flourished by Mr. GLADSTONE at the meeting of his supporters last Thursday; but the guarantees which they might give, and which, if their professions were sincere, they should be anxious to offer, they persistently withhold. We repeat that, when the question between them and their opponents is submitted to any decently competent tribunal, there can be no possible doubt of the result.

RIDING-SCHOOLS.

THOSE who are so fortunate as to have acquired the art of riding without the assistance of a riding-master, and who have never perhaps, therefore, had occasion to penetrate to the interior of a riding-school, would be astonished, not only at the extent to which these establishments are patronized, but at the class of persons by whom they are most frequented. We are not, of course, speaking of military riding-schools, which are institutions *per se*, and in which the general public have no direct interest; but rather of the private establishments which are to be found in almost every quarter of London, and in most provincial towns where there is what is known as genteel society, and where the art of equitation may, therefore, be considered as an appropriate adjunct to a finished education.

But, although it is not of the military *manège* that we would at present desire to speak, it is from this that private riding-schools derive their origin, and it is on the military model that their arrangements are supposed to be framed. Judging, however, from the advertisements of these institutions, where it is constantly set forth that the art of riding may be learned in "twelve easy lessons," it would seem as if either the six months or more daily hard work in the riding-school required from a recruit, whether officer or private, on joining a cavalry regiment were somewhat uncalled for, or the anxiety of the advertiser to secure pupils had a tendency to outweigh his strict regard for accuracy. If, however, one person considers that he is able to impart a given accomplishment to another in a certain manner, there is nothing to prevent him from saying so; and if a certain section of the public are willing to believe that they can

learn to ride in twelve easy lessons, it is not the business of any one in particular to disabuse them of this belief. It is obvious, however, that the course of instruction followed in a private riding-school can only reflect but the very faintest shadow of the strict discipline and real hard work required in a military establishment; and those who flatter themselves that they are learning to ride in the same way as a cavalry soldier would be wefully astonished if they were suddenly transported to Knightsbridge or Aldershot, and desired to take their place in a military ride. It is just as well, perhaps, that too much should not be attempted in this direction; for few persons who are not obliged to do so would be willing to go through the whole wearisome course of a military riding-school, and the majority would become heartily sick of the whole thing before they had been at it a fortnight. Military riding-masters, moreover, are not, as a class, remarkable for charm of manner or sweetness of disposition. The very nature of their duties has a tendency to make them brusque and overbearing; and, being frequently men of scant education, who have risen to their position by the display of certain technical qualifications, they are apt to make use of their brief authority in a manner by no means agreeable to those under them. In short, the military riding-master is occasionally inclined to be something of a bully, and is rarely a popular character in the regiment. But the autocrat of the private riding-school must be cast in a very different mould if he wishes to be successful in his calling and bring custom to the establishment. He must combine the decision of a general with the tact of a diplomatist, the suavity of a dancing-master, and the humour of a light comedian; and, while never losing command over his mixed company of pupils, he must be able to appeal to their separate individual sensibilities, and control them more by moral influence than by sternness and severity. And a curious mixture they often are. It would be only natural to suppose that the majority of riding-school pupils consisted of very young persons, who were learning to ride as a part of their early education. This, however, is very far from being the case. There are usually a certain number of children attached to the school, who either receive private instruction or are put in a class with the ladies. But the average riding-class will be found to consist of just as many adults as young people—the former, indeed, often having the preponderance. An observer of human nature would derive some interest from a study of the various types of equestrian character to be found here, and in speculating as to who they are, and what various motives can have brought them together. Stout, middle-aged, and elderly gentlemen, mild young men in spectacles, an occasional foreigner, one or two would-be horsey persons, who affect an unconcerned and superior manner, and pretend to have come merely in order to pass the time, or for the sake of exercise, and various nondescripts of all ages and every degree of clumsiness, trot round in quasi-military order under the command of the great man who rides at their head or circles about in the centre of the school. His eye is, or appears to be, everywhere, and he has a suitable word for each. To the stout gentleman, whose prosperous appearance indicates a comfortable balance at his banker's, and who, having been ordered horse exercise for the benefit of his health, may possibly be induced to buy a "confidential" animal out of the school, he is deferential and encouraging, taking care that he is always comfortably mounted, and passing unnoticed any little shortcomings of hand or seat, which in the case of others he will possibly be very ready to rebuke. Towards the mild young gentleman he will adopt a jocular and bantering manner, rallying him on his awkwardness, and threatening to put him in the young ladies' and children's class. With the horsey men he may perhaps condescend to a certain familiarity, which, however, must not be unduly presumed upon, or they may find themselves suddenly pulled up and "sat upon" before the whole class, with whom they may previously have acquired an illusory reputation for exceptional prowess and experience. And, to whatever extent he may unbend for the moment, he must never allow himself to be trifled with, or to relinquish the character of a despot whose slightest word is law. In order, therefore, to be a successful as well as a popular riding-master, a man must be possessed of somewhat exceptional qualifications. Not only must he thoroughly understand his duties, but he must be prepared to discharge them with no ordinary amount of tact and patience. He has to study the interests of his employers on the one hand, and of his pupils on the other, and it is quite possible that the two may not be always identical. He must possess, moreover, some administrative capacity, and have acquired habits of method and order, or he will never be able to organize and make the most of the regiment of screws placed under his command. An average riding-school stud would indeed afford a curious study to a connoisseur in horseflesh, who would here find specimens of most of the infirmities to which horseflesh is liable. It is wonderful, however, what horses will do with careful feeding, and exercise which is regular without being excessive; and many animals whose physical peculiarities would very likely disqualify them for a single day's work out-of-doors will earn their keep very well in the school. It would of course be unfair to rank all riding-school horses in this category, and there are few good establishments that cannot boast a fair proportion of really good and useful animals. But it would be absurd to expect a very high standard of excellence throughout; and most riding-masters will find it as much as they can do to meet the varied requirements of their pupils from day to day with the material at their disposal. Still, as Sancho Panza says, it is good to have command, if only over a flock of sheep, and the

riding-master's authority must be absolute and beyond dispute. Woe indeed be to any luckless pupil, not specially favoured by circumstances, who should be so ill-advised as to question or set himself against it; not only will he be snubbed and browbeaten, before the whole class, but he will perhaps find himself, on his next appearance, mounted on one of the greatest brutes in the school, and, unless he is so far advanced in proficiency as to be indifferent to what he rides, he will be only too glad to humble himself before his all-powerful instructor, in the hope of being restored to favour and to a more comfortable steed. But such insubordination is rare, and it is indeed wonderful with what submissiveness a mixed company of persons, many of whom may very likely have plenty to say for themselves on other occasions, will bow to the dictates of a man who is probably in most respects very much their inferior.

The ordinary routine of the school is certainly monotonous enough; but there are occasions when some little variety is imparted to the proceedings. There are few whose equestrian ambition does not lead them to aspire to something more than being able to ride round and round the tan-covered parallelogram without tumbling off; and instruction in leaping is, or professes to be, included in the curriculum of most riding-schools. On certain days, then, or at certain specified hours, the leaping-bar is brought forth, and those who desire to risk themselves over it are drawn up together on one side, the less adventurous spirits watching the proceedings from a safe corner. It is, of course, necessary to begin low, and an obstacle standing about eighteen inches from the ground would not appear to offer any very serious difficulty either to horse or man; but it is astonishing what a fuss some horses will make over even such a tiny impediment, and what discomfiture is thereby caused to their riders. There will, of course, be a few who really can jump, and who will make nothing of the bar when raised a good deal higher, or even of the bushed and judiciously-sloped hurdle which will in some cases be put up for the more advanced members of the class. And if the pupil is so fortunate as to get hold of an animal that really understands something about its work, there is no doubt that leaping lessons in a riding-school may be of great service to him. Occasionally, too, the programme will be still further varied by some such fancy performance as tilting at the ring, or a mild imitation of "heads and posts" as practised in a cavalry *manège*; and if an energetic riding-master happens to have an exceptionally forward class, and a more than usually handy lot of horses, he will perhaps get up a little equestrian entertainment to the accompaniment of music, where his pupils can display their horsemanship before the admiring eyes of their sisters and their cousins and their aunts in the gallery. But of the large number of persons who frequent riding-schools there are probably comparatively few who really benefit by their instruction to any great extent. They either get tired of the monotony, or their energy fails them, or other causes operate to interfere with their attendance; so that they never get beyond a certain point. They are apt to expect too much in a short time, and are perhaps disappointed if at the end of the "twelve easy lessons" they are compelled to own to themselves that they are still anything but finished horsemen. The fact is, of course, that, in order to be really useful, the riding-school course must last a great deal longer, and embrace a great deal more than can be expected in a private establishment. The pupil must first of all be taught to ride entirely without stirrups, and to acquire the proper use of his hands and legs; and this alone requires, in most cases, regular and careful instruction for some months. And even if, after half a year's hard work, he were to succeed in acquiring what is known as a "military seat," it is a question whether the acquisition would be of much advantage to him in private life. Very few men whose experience has been restricted to the riding-school can ever ride well across country; and one season's practical education in the hunting-field, provided he goes at it in earnest and makes up his mind to a certain number of falls, will do more for a man who takes to the saddle comparatively late in life than any amount of riding-school work. There is no doubt, however, that in the case of children and very young persons a great deal may be learned in the school under a good master; and to numbers of grown-up persons, who perhaps are debarred from equitation in any other form, it affords a means of healthy exercise, and the satisfaction of thinking, at any rate, that they are learning to ride.

POPULUS VULT DECIPI.

THERE are persons, we believe, who get angry with their political opponents. This practice is, for many reasons, to be deprecated. In the first place, it is dubiously moral; in the second place, it is nearly always injudicious; and, in the third place, it loses the indulger in it a great deal of fun. We, for our part, never get angry with political opponents, which is probably the reason why they are so frequently delivered into our hands. Last week we had to regret some curiously unworthy language which Mr. John Morley addressed to an audience of Northern miners—language which was unworthy not merely because of its general tone, but because the accomplished speaker happened to forget the Ninth Commandment, and bore downright false witness against his neighbour. The *Pall Mall Gazette*, with a loyalty which does it much credit, took up the cudgels for its former editor, and observed that what we complained of was "that Mr.

Morley does not address an audience of Northumbrian miners in the style of the *Saturday Review*. From this observation we can only suppose that misrepresentation is the style appropriate to an audience of Northumbrian miners, and not appropriate to the *Saturday Review*. To the latter conclusion we, at any rate, can have no possible reason for objecting; neither, we should suppose, can our readers have. It is a very handsome compliment on the part of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and we can only make our bow and hide our blushes. But the other inference, that audiences of Northumbrian miners and other democratic assemblages are only to be properly addressed by misrepresenting fact is much more valuable, and coming just at the time of the great Liberal demand for a popular agitation, it is extremely instructive. The style appropriate to Northumbrian miners, we are told by their advocates and at least self-constituted spokesmen (we hope the miners are grateful), is misrepresentation of facts. We should not have ventured such a statement, and, albeit not much inclined to optimism, we hope it is not true. But the *Pall Mall Gazette* has a good deal to say for itself, it must be admitted, now that the Government has passed the word to "get out the shawms."

Perhaps the last phrase requires a little exegetic comment. Once upon a time (just about that time when Clerkenwell explosions were converting Mr. Gladstone, and Lord Derby was making those unanswerable speeches which he has just conspicuously failed to answer himself) there was a College at Oxford, the junior members of which combined the cultivation of sacred and profane learning, with a decided propensity to exclusively profane amusement. One of the institutions of this College (which they say set the example of yore to all Collegiate foundations now existing both on Isis and Cam) was mysteriously called "the shawms." The shawms were not mentioned in any statute; neither, it is believed, were they specified in any document contained in the College Muniment Room. Nobody quite knew to whom they originally belonged, and they were handed down through successive generations of undergraduates with all the precautions of the abstruse cults of antiquity. One was a battered trombone, the other does not, in our memory at least, answer to any exact genus of musical brass instrument, but seems to have had something of the serpent and something of the ophicleide. Such as they were, however, the shawms were the invariable signal for a disturbance of more than ordinary hilarity and indiscipline. "Let us get out the shawms," somebody would say at wine or supper—not too often, but it might be after an unexpected bump in May, it might be in prospect of an exceptionally magnificent bonfire in November. And when the shawms were got out, then the authorities made up their minds for a night of it.

The Government has got out the shawms, and with a frankness as charming as that of the Irish Secretary's Balbus, all the Government organs in the press have been set to work to play them. Mr. Thorold Rogers has improved, and will doubtless improve to the utmost, the result of long years' study of the Divorce Court reports; Sir John Bennett has already discoursed professionally of pendulums; the *Pall Mall Gazette* itself has gravely announced that "the supreme duty" of all good Liberals is to "organize the intimidation of the House of Lords"; the *Daily News* rings the changes on "audacious" and "impudent" and "insulting," and the Hackney Radical Club (a delightful association) has informed Lord Salisbury that "we . . . hereby express our intense gratification at the course adopted by the House of Lords . . . and to state that it is evident that the spirit of Lord Beaconsfield does not animate the leader of the Conservative party." The grammar of the Hackney Radicals is equal to the logic of the party generally; but what does grammar matter when you are getting out the shawms?

Some little *contresens*, however, have happened. The sincerest condolences are due to the Ministerial party for the fact that the Duke of Marlborough voted for the Franchise Bill almost at the same moment as that in which it was discovered that he amused himself by running Hansom cabs. Had the Duke only voted for the amendment, what an admirable sermon on the degeneracy of the Peerage (or rather what dozens of sermons) should we have had! But the *fata iniqua* have denied this gratification to Mr. Thorold Rogers and his assistants. They can hardly satirize their own supporters, though it may well be that some peers who voted against Lord Cairns on Tuesday may think that Sir John Bennett has a singular fashion of gratitude. However, things must be taken as they come—a reflexion peculiarly valuable to a party who have to rely on Lord Derby (a Liberal of about two years' standing) for argument, and to whom "l'ami Rosebery semble être quelque chose" in point of wit. But still, on the whole, the array of preparations for confounding the knavish tricks of the Peers is rather disappointing. To parade your mounted farriers on a platform of manifest falsehood and to blow your horns against the enemy for doing and saying what it has never done or said seem a little inadequate. As, however, nothing else has yet been done, or is apparently proposed to be done, we must conclude that the *Pall Mall Gazette* is right. The palate of the democracy won't stand the *fide* diet of truth, argument, and the like. A good round misrepresentation, plenty of strong language, abundance of mounted farriers, and a band or two, with rosettes to match—that is the thing. *Populus vult decipi*, and the head and front of the offending of these horrid Lords is that they don't understand or practise the art of deception.

When one turns to such a speech as Sir Charles Dilke's on Wednesday, one sees how entirely right the *Pall Mall Gazette* is.

There is to begin with that very awkward little matter about Sir M. Hicks-Beach and Mr. Selater-Booth. Sir Charles states amidst the shouts of a Liberal gathering that two of the Opposition leaders acted obstructively on a certain occasion. It turns out that one did not vote at all and the other voted on the other side. Then too Sir Charles Dilke's omniscience is rather odd. The country has not had any opportunity whatever of expressing its opinion on the Franchise Bill, and the whole gist and object of the Lords' action is that the country shall have such an opportunity. But Sir Charles knows beforehand that the country approves the Bill, that the country disapproves the Lords, and that whatever "our great leader" may say the country will back. Possibly; but it somehow may not strike the man in the Peckham omnibus that the country thus described is a very intelligent country. To judge from Sir Charles Dilke, the constituencies are very much of Mr. Bagnet's kidney. "Tell him what I think, old girl," they say to Mr. Gladstone; and, indeed, the average Briton, as he is represented by his spokesmen in the press and on the platform, appears to be very much like Mr. Bagnet; though, by the same testimony, he is less careful of making known his estimate of Mr. Gladstone to Mr. Gladstone himself.

Now if it pleases Englishmen to be represented as good-natured fools; if it is sufficient for them to hear the order "get out the shawms," without inquiring what the occasion for this festivity is, and if they are prepared to mistake Mr. Gladstone's convenience for a momentous national object, and the Caucus hektograph for a new Book of Revelation, there is nothing to be said. Undoubtedly there are such Englishmen. The people who write to the papers that the Lords "have refused to widen the franchise," when the Lords have expressly consented to widen the franchise, are not all office-boys, no doubt, and have in some cases other homes than the county lunatic asylum. The most charitable hypothesis is not always the most correct one, and for our parts we cannot deny that there is something to be said for the *Pall Mall Gazette* view of the matter, which is that *populus vult decipi*. It is a little disheartening, perhaps, because unfortunately it is a kind of game which two can't play at—at least if one happens to lie under those disqualifications which the *Pall Mall Gazette* so kindly assigns to the *Saturday Review*. If it were as true that half the House of Commons were immoral persons as it is false that half the House of Lords are, we could not, for the life of us, take up Mr. Thorold Rogers's fashion of argument; how much greater, then, is our disability when (as it happens) the one statement is about as false as the other. It would not amuse us at all to bear false witness against Mr. Chamberlain; it would not amuse us to bear the very true witness which we can bear in the style in which the other side testifies against the House of Lords. In short, it is the old, old difficulty of the sweep and the other person, which has generally been recognized as insuperable. Some say that the other person should not mind the dirt; that is excellent counsel in the literal case, perhaps not so excellent in the metaphorical.

But perhaps after all the *Pall Mall Gazette* is mistaken, and it is not necessary to say the thing that is not in order to catch the ears of the democracy. Perhaps Philip may show that he is not always, as an agreeable euphemism puts it, "pleasant," and that what a political partisan who was not dealing in euphemism once so far forgot himself as to call "the hard lying of 1880" is not always a safe way to political success. It is very much to be hoped, and it may be suggested in the most delicate manner in the world to all persons of influence and ability that it may not only be hoped, but tried, with advantage. The self-styled friends of the people declare more or less explicitly that bluster and blare and brag and bamboozlement are the only ways of securing the people's attention, that the way to get them to believe that black is white is to marshal some mounted farriers and a flag or two, and that to assert loudly that the House of Lords has done exactly what the House of Lords has not done is the sure way to force it down their throats. On the other side there may perhaps be a too great reliance on *Magna est veritas*, and that reliance might perhaps be exchanged for something better without accepting the Radical faith (almost openly expressed and enforced with great clash of cymbal and drum) that *magna sunt mendacia et prevalebunt*.

THE GERMAN PROFESSOR (OLD STYLE).

THERE was a period in the young life of the generation which is now passing away when it seemed not unlikely that the German Professor might become an established character in English fiction. A strange mixture of philosophy and sentiment was the momentary fashion, and he was thought to be a devotee of both. With an heroic disregard of colds and rheumatism, he was supposed to wander forth at night, whatever the weather might be, in order to hold high discourse with the powers of nature and his own soul. It was confessed that he was shy and awkward, but he possessed extraordinary skill in penetrating the minds of men and touching the hearts of heroines. Like the curate of a somewhat later period, he was ready to solve every intellectual doubt in a way that generally seemed more satisfactory to the personages than to the readers of the novel. In fact, he was an English curate of erratic habits who with praiseworthy reticence substituted such vague terms as eternity and infinity for other and holier names. His only serious fault was that "he had a history" which he insisted in inflicting on his

female disciple, at the very moment when she was expecting a communication of a very different and far more interesting kind; but for this he usually atoned by vanishing into the infinite he was so fond of insisting on.

Such stories had their admirers once. If one of these had been impelled by his enthusiasm to visit Germany, he must have been greatly shocked to discover that the professor wrapped himself up at least as carefully as other men; that after nightfall he was more likely to be found in the alehouse than on the mountain-side; that no human being was less given to gushing sentiment, and that his philosophy was not in the least likely to impress the fervent mind of a young lady, even if it could be explained to her. Yet there was much in the social life of a small university town in those days that might well excite the interest of a foreigner.

Nowhere else were men and things judged so exclusively by intellectual tests. All that the outside world honours most—rank, wealth, and enterprise in any practical line—were regarded with indifference, if not with suspicion, by the professors who formed the aristocracy of the place. The nobleman, unless he were also a distinguished authority upon some abstract point, was excluded from a circle he but rarely desired to enter, and the wealthy banker was admitted under protest and only to the outer courts; whereas, if a man were known to have mastered any single subject he was an honoured guest, however gaunt his form and ungainly his manners might be. The foreigner with intellectual interest was also welcomed, for the Germans are a hospitable people, and even their national hostility to the French rarely takes a personal form. The first impression made upon the stranger was probably that of the great kindness of his new acquaintances; but as soon as he had time to look about him he found himself in the presence of remarkable contrasts. The living, as a rule, was simple in the extreme; but the etiquette was exceedingly complicated, and the rules of precedence might have puzzled a Chinese master of the ceremonies. He soon discovered that the *Privatdozent* was the lowest rank in the official hierarchy, on which the extraordinary and ordinary professors followed in due course; but when he had reached this limit his difficulties began. Each of the more distinguished members of the University was gifted with some other title which he prized highly, and which ought to be employed whenever either he or his wife was addressed. It is not easy to remember German titles, and the visitor felt he would be guilty of an unpardonable offence if he mistook the Frau *Oberkirchenrätin* for the Frau *Oberappellationsgerichtsrätin*. It was a happy moment when he discovered that he might address all the wives and daughters of his friends as "gracious lady" or "gracious miss." It is true they had no right to this appellation unless they belonged to the nobility; but they were rarely offended by it when used by a foreigner.

The contrast between the contempt with which the professor was accustomed to treat all titles that were either inherited or won in any practical line of life, and the value he attached to his own and those of his colleagues, seemed at first sight rather humorous; but it may be easily explained. He was almost invariably a specialist; the time he could spare from his studies was spent in his garden, in walks through the country with his wife and children, in his club, in the wine-room or the tavern, rather than in reading books unconnected with the subject he had made his own. No one knew less of the poems and novels of the day, of its theatres and picture galleries, of the progress of any science but the one that interested him. He had generally strong political convictions and read the daily paper of his party; he now and then went to a concert—that was all. The cause of this intellectual abstinence lay in the fact that he had perceived the necessity of a division of labour, and preferred to have a thorough knowledge of one subject to a general acquaintance with many. Yet he held other branches of learning and science in high esteem; he had the greatest respect for the man who excelled in them. But how could he, who was entirely absorbed in the Gnostics, know whether A's edition of the *Antigone*, B's critical examination of Kant, or C's theory of invertebrate life was really a scholarly piece of work? The title was a governmental warranty, not of the wares, but the personal proficiency of his colleague, which he gladly accepted. The new Rath might not be exactly to his liking, but even in that case he regarded him with much of the respect felt by the backwoodsman for woodcock he had ordered at a fashionable eating-house—"Taste as you will, you nasty thing, I know you're good."

The exclusiveness with which each professor confined himself to his own intellectual domain lent a somewhat peculiar character to the conversation of the place. The younger men who had still their position to make associated freely with each other. In the inn where they were accustomed to take their ease a room, or at least a table, was always reserved for them; and here each of them knew that congenial company might be found in the later hours of the evening, after the day's work was done. If he came, he would be welcome; if he stayed away, no excuse was required. A tavern may seem rather a homely substitute for our English clubs; but it is cheaper, and in Germany it did, and in many places still does, to a great extent supply their place. In these meetings of the *Privatdozenten*—the *Halbgötter*, as the students profanely called them—there was no one who had not an exceptional knowledge of some subject, and so hardly a conversation could be started which failed to elicit some information of value. Wittier society might doubtless be found elsewhere, but hardly any of deeper or more enduring interest. But when the hero had developed into a whole god, when he had made himself a repu-

tation and become an ordinary professor, a great change became gradually visible in his whole life and conversation. It may have been that, wearied by constantly dwelling on one class of thoughts, he desired to be entirely free from them in his leisure hours, or that, having now been officially wedded to the science of his choice, he began to regard her with a deeper but less effusive love, and to abstain from everything that looked like flirtation with any of her charming cousins. At any rate, he became less eager to discuss either the questions he had mastered or those that interested others, at least in general society. There was no jealousy in his silence; at home he was always ready to supply you with all the knowledge at his disposal. You might be a student of Dante, for instance, and he an authority on Middle High German whose speciality was Wolfram. You wanted to know whether certain peculiarities of the *Divine Comedy* were characteristic of its writer, or whether they were also to be found in the German poets of the Middle Ages. You had never written a book, and had no intention of writing one; the professor was perhaps a man of European reputation, and you had no introduction to him. Yet, if you wrote him a note, he would at once reply, asking you to call upon him at an early date, and when you did so, he would spend hours in explaining the difficulties you proposed. When at last you took your leave, he would urge you to return if any new questions suggested themselves to you; nay, it was not improbable that he might write to you on the following morning begging you to call again, as there were some things he wished to tell you which had slipped his memory when you were with him. Such acts of courtesy are by no means rare among the scholars of any nation in Europe; but in the smaller German universities they were considered a mere matter of course some thirty or forty years ago. Indeed, when you were alone with him, the professor would always talk freely with you upon his own subject, and you frequently learned more from such conversations than you could from his books and lectures. But in society he carefully avoided it; and, as he almost ostentatiously proclaimed his ignorance of every other, all intellectual questions had to be avoided; and it must be confessed that gossip not always of the kindest character frequently took their place.

Still there was much that was attractive in the social life of these small towns. It was entirely free from vulgar ostentation of any kind. Each professor lived according to his means; what was spent in his house was spent on solid comfort or real amusement, nothing was expended on mere show. The richer members of the University occasionally invited their friends to sumptuous banquets which lasted from mid-day till twilight; and perhaps, if they had marriageable daughters, they gave a ball, or even two, in the course of the winter. But this was expected of no one. The poorer professors declined the invitations to the dinner parties, and this was never taken amiss. They would willingly have done the same with respect to the balls; but their wives and daughters generally coaxed them into letting at least their "womankind" appear. The real social gatherings were the evening-at-homes, and in these the richest never thought of offering anything that the poorest could not afford to give, a cup of tea or a glass of beer, with a slice or two of bread and butter, cheese and cold meat. Besides this, the men, as we have seen, had their taverns, and the ladies their coffee parties, neither of which were expensive recreations, and in summer there were long walks into the country with a supper in some neighbouring village.

Of late years a great change has come over the University life of Germany. New political interests have swept away the old landmarks, and even before 1866 the flood-tide of wealth had begun to set in. To be a professor is still a social distinction, and during the last twenty or thirty years, especially since most of the restrictions as to race and religion have been removed, the number of Germans who are ready to purchase social distinction at a considerable price has increased. The professors of to-day are as a rule the sons of richer men than their predecessors were; they can dispose of larger means, and it is only natural that they should remain true to the habits and social traditions of the class from which they sprang. So the old-world type is dying out; indeed, it is only in the quiet and secluded shades of the smaller towns that it is still to be found.

TWELFTH NIGHT. AT THE LYCEUM.

THE production of *Twelfth Night* at the Lyceum Theatre on Tuesday last was as brilliant and well-ordered a piece of staging as Mr. Irving has by a long series of artistic stage presentations made his audiences expect. The transposition of the scenes seems, it is true, somewhat arbitrary, and it is to our thinking a very distinct mistake not to strike the keynote of the tender interest of the play by opening the curtain on Orsino's beautiful love-speech. There may, no doubt, be reasons which, from a purely stage point of view, have seemed adequate to the manager for opening instead with the scene on the sea coast; but such considerations are not always in place in dealing with Shakespeare, and least of all, perhaps, in dealing with so delicate a piece, a piece so exquisitely compounded of alternate beauty, pathos, wit, and humour, as *Twelfth Night*. For the actual painting, mounting, and setting of the various scenes through which the lovely story of Viola and her troubles, the strangely-blended dignity and foolishness of Malvolio, and the more direct humours of Feste the Jester, Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew, are conducted, it

would be difficult to find anything but praise. There is no under-mounting and no overloading; all is discreet and good.

The figures, however, who move in front of this setting, chosen and designed as it is with rare skill and taste, claim the first attention; and it is both natural and pleasant to begin with the one figure in the difficult presentation of which there is scarce a blemish to be detected. This, we need hardly say, is the Viola of Miss Ellen Terry, a Viola instinct with grace, modesty, tenderness, and light and delicate humour. Nothing could be better than her bearing in her youth's disguise both to Orsino and to Olivia; nothing, as we think, better conceived, executed, and balanced than the delivery of the famous speech beginning with the words, "A blank, my lord." In the light passages which mask a deeper feeling there are touches which remind one of an actress who was full of charm and full of genius—Desclée; and the frankness of the final avowal of the love which has perforce been concealed could not be bettered in its complete feeling and becomingness. So also in the scenes with Olivia, and notably in the scene in which Olivia declares her love, the acting comes near perfection. The delivery of the lines—

By innocence I swear, and by my youth,
I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth,
And that no woman has; nor never none
Shall mistress of it be, save I alone.
And so adieu, good madam; never more
Will I my master's tears to you deplore—

conveyed an exact sense of the half-tragic situation, and yet gave exactly that touch of comedy which the scene demands, and in the conveyance of which Musset and the best of his interpreters have come nearest to the spirit and the fitting interpretation of Shakespeare's comedy. One fault only we have thus far to find with Miss Terry's rendering of the whole part. This is when Malvolio brings to Viola the ring with which Olivia has charged him, and which Olivia pretends that the supposed Cesario has left behind him. It is necessary to quote the beginning of Viola's speech when Malvolio has left her to illustrate our meaning:—

I left no ring with her; what means this lady?
Fortune forbid my outside have not charm'd her!
She made good view of me; indeed, so much
That, sure, methought, her eyes had lost her tongue,
For she did speak in starts distractedly.
She loves me, sure the cunning of her passion
Invites me in this charlish messenger.
None of my lord's ring? why, he sent her none.
I am the man; if it be so, as 'tis,
Poor lady, she were better love a dream.

Here Miss Terry gives the words "I am the man" with an air of pretty and intense amusement, and follows them by a charming and laughing assumption of a mannish walk. That this is the right interpretation we cannot believe. Viola, light-hearted, and brave as she was in the midst of trouble, was not the person to be unfeeling towards the trouble of another woman. Amusement she may very naturally have felt at the mistake; but it would not have been unmixed. There would have been some touch of pity and of interest, and of this Miss Terry gave no hint. But this is the one important blemish on a performance which came near to being ideal, and may no doubt come yet nearer when the nervousness inseparable from attacking so difficult a part has disappeared.

Next to Viola in interest to the audience, if not in interest in the play, came Malvolio, as played by Mr. Irving. As to this we regret to say that we disagree entirely with Mr. Irving's conception of the character. Faults in his execution undoubtedly existed on the first night, but these, we may assume, will vanish, while his, to our thinking, radically wrong conception may probably remain unchanged. Malvolio was "a kind of Puritan"; but he was called so by Maria. He was vain and puffed up with pride; but Olivia "would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry." He was pragmatical and no doubt offensive to Sir Toby and his like; but the dignity of his office and the respect that Olivia felt for him showed him a capable and noteworthy man, and his conversation in the dark room with the false Sir Topas proves him a gentleman, a scholar, and a man of high thoughts. Mr. Irving's Malvolio is Puritanical enough; he scowls indeed something too violently at frivolity; he seems angered rather than filled with a grave contempt at Feste's jestings. He stoops, and walks with exaggerated stiffness, which there is no need for Malvolio to do; and he seems to have no sense of humour, which there is every need for Malvolio to have. His humour is not their humour—they are not of his element—but it exists, as one may judge, without going about to recover the wind of a phrase, from the scene already referred to in the dark room. His sense of greatness, both before and after his being gulled by Maria, should have something swelling and lofty about it. It should have exaltation, and that amount of fire which may come to a grave, responsible, and scholarly steward of a great household in whom ambition and self-love combine to conceal for a time his nobler qualities. One of the chief faults we have to find with Mr. Irving's Malvolio is that he has no nobler qualities. He is vain, dry, pedantic, overbearing; but he lacks all touch of the qualities of true command and of true self-esteem, which is ludicrous only when carried to excess, that Malvolio must, as we judge him, have possessed. There is comedy enough of a kind in the scene when cross-gartered and in yellow stockings he smiles on Olivia; but it is not comedy of the right flavour. It is a false and wintry smile breaking over a face set hard in austerity, not a smile of ecstatic triumph and self-gratulation invading the expression of a man who swells

with importance and is conscious of something more than his real merit. Again, and here is surely a capital error, in the dark-room scene Mr. Irving's Malvolio rolls whiningly in the straw, and cries with painful querulousness to the supposed Sir Topas and to the Clown for aid. His answers to Sir Topas's questionings are given with an air of physical and mental prostration; and his last appeals to Feste are delivered as lachrymously as may be. Thus he turns the comedy to bastard tragedy, and misses the one point in Malvolio's character which saves his overweening vanity from making him contemptible—his brave bearing in adversity. The true Malvolio is indignant, but not lachrymose; he is brought face to face with darkness and hard fare in place of the brilliant dreams he has indulged; he is questioned, as he thinks, by a grave Minister to test his sanity, and his answers are such as would put to shame any one but the half-wise, half-crazy Jester.

"What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild fowl?"

"That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird."

"What thinkest thou of his opinion?"

"I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve of his opinion."

What is one to think of this last fine sentence being delivered, without a scrap of dignity or proper self-assertion, in the tone of a man completely worn out, body and mind, with unexpected misfortune?

Again, in the delivery of Malvolio's last words, "I'll be revenged on the whole pack of you!" Mr. Irving's Malvolio gives way to a burst of melodramatic and air-clawing rage, which we cannot but think wholly removed from any true perception of the part. Even on the actor's own showing, Malvolio, except when shut up as a madman, had bearing enough to prevent his doing this. Let us end these observations with the remark that at one point, in the scene where Sir Toby and the rest gird at him after his interview with Olivia in Act 3, sc. iv., Mr. Irving became for a few moments an ideal Malvolio. May we hope that in time the whole performance will grow to the excellence of this one scene? In any case it is right to add that we have made these criticisms on a first night's performance, and that nothing is more likely than that future performances will wear, in many ways, a different complexion.

For the rest, Mr. Terriss looks well, moves well, and speaks with dignity as Orsino. Mr. David Fisher gives a hopelessly bad performance of Sir Toby Belch. Sir Toby was not stupid; he had humour and knowledge of the world, and was a gentleman, though an excessively odd one, in his cups. Mr. Fisher shows us a dull, offensive sot, without one single quality to redeem his brutish behaviour. Mr. F. Wyatt plays Sir Andrew with a true sense of the humour of the character. His idea of the part is excellent, and he works it out with much skill. Mr. Calhaem plays the Clown, and it would be unfair to blame a really meritorious actor, who always does his best, for completely failing in a part for which he should never have been cast. Mr. Howe is, of course, excellent as Antonio. Miss Rose Leclercq cannot be at all praised for her performance of Olivia, and Miss L. Payne can be highly praised for her performance of Maria. Nor must we end without more than a word of commendation for Mr. F. Terry's bright and manly Sebastian.

"TERTIARIES."

IN a sermon preached the other day for the Bishop of London's Fund at Westminster Abbey, which has been reported in the newspapers, Archdeacon Farrar referred to the proposed scheme for starting a new order of ministers in the Church of England under the strangely paradoxical designation—which sounds like a contradiction in terms—of "lay-deacons," meaning men in deacon's orders who are to follow their secular avocations while devoting their leisure only to clerical work. Considering that the diaconate has all along been regarded in the Church, both Eastern and Western, as a "sacred" order, and is certainly treated as such in the Anglican ritual, the suggestion sounds odd enough as matter of principle, and we are inclined to agree with the Archdeacon—if we rightly understand his drift—in thinking the practical objections to it at least equally obvious. However it is no part of our present concern to discuss a project which has not yet reached, and perhaps never will reach, beyond the stage of "a devout imagination." But Dr. Farrar went on to say what he thought was urgently needed, in order to meet the spiritual destitution of the present day, among both clergy and laity. As to the former, he desires to see "a new order of mission clergy," devoted, but not technically vowed, "to celibacy and poverty," for more effective work among the masses; on which it may suffice to observe here that curiously enough a very similar suggestion was put forth not long ago by Mr. Mahaffy, of Trinity College, Dublin, in a little work on Preaching, noticed in our columns. We say curiously enough because—while there is no doubt a very wide divergence of thought and probably of opinion between Archdeacon Farrar and Mr. Mahaffy—neither of them is exactly the person from whom such a proposal would have been generally expected. Dr. Farrar is indeed a man of too large and generous religious sympathy to cherish any narrow prejudice against Rome, as the opening paragraphs of this very sermon would alone sufficiently prove, where he pays a graceful tribute to the "noble, unknown, unnoticed Apostolic work" of "a humble Roman Catholic bishop" whom he met some years ago; but still he can hardly be called a High Churchman, and is in some of his views decidedly Pro-

testant. Mr. Mahaffy again is a prominent clergyman of a Church which has always been, and increasingly so since its disestablishment, very strongly Protestant in its temper and policy. It is the more remarkable then that two such men should concur in recommending the adoption, if "with a difference," of an organization so closely identified in popular estimation with the Church of Rome, though we do not of course forget that it dates back from a very remote Christian antiquity, and is in its leading features Greek as well as Roman. But neither is it that portion of the Archdeacon's discourse to which we purpose calling special attention here. He proceeded, after noticing the need for such a movement among the clergy, to insist on the equal importance of the laity taking their due share in Church work, inasmuch as in a sense they too "are priests of God no less than we." And here again he did not scruple to appeal to Roman Catholic precedent. "If we want new orders of clergy, we want also for the laity something resembling the mediæval 'Tertiaries,' in which men and women, married and single, living the common life of the world's routine, may yet bind themselves to the work of Christ in the world, striving in some way or other outside the limits of domestic egotism to escape the vulgar average of sloth and ease." And here we can well imagine that many of his hearers may have exclaimed to themselves or to each other, "Who are the Tertiaries?" To students of Church history the question will, to be sure, answer itself at once, but Church history is not even in these enlightened days universally studied, and on such a point we shrewdly suspect that even Lord Macaulay's infallible "Schoolboy" might find himself at fault—we do not feel entirely confident even as to Lord Macaulay himself, whose forte did not certainly lie in the history or doctrines of the Christian Church.

It may not therefore be uninteresting to our readers, especially such of them as listened to the eloquent Canon at Westminster Abbey, if we offer a word of explanation as to his reference to "mediæval Tertiaries." That they have some vague knowledge at least of the life and character of St. Francis of Assisi we must assume, partly because it is only reasonable to assume so much in regard to one of the few among canonized saints whom—as Sir James Stephen pointed out—Catholics and Protestants have combined to honour; partly because space forbids our entering upon a general description of his life and work as a preliminary to our notice of this particular part of it. Suffice it to remind them that he founded his Order of Franciscans or Friars Minor at the beginning of the thirteenth century; in an age indeed of strong faith, but when love had waxed very cold, and amid the hurly-burly of vulgar ambitions and fierce wranglings for power or pelf the outlook for any man, of whatever rank, not being priest or monk, who wished to save his soul was somewhat discouraging. It was a coarse and cruel age, when for a layman there was little occupation except fighting, and the simplest rudiments of learning were almost exclusively confined to the clerical order. The very common notion that only feeble spirits and broken hearts, unequal to cope with the active work of life, sought refuge in the cloister, is indeed quite absurdly inaccurate; it is even not too much to assert that power is one of the most marked characteristics of Western Monachism. But only a comparatively small fraction of mankind could become monks or nuns in any age. And Francis, whose tender sympathies were coextensive not only with the whole human race, but with the whole animal world—to whom even birds, insects, and fishes were "friends and kinsmen," who preached to the starlings, and fed the half-frozen bees in winter from his hand, "cherished the wild doves in his breast, and tamed the hungry wolf"—could not be content with any plan for promoting the salvation of his fellow-men which left the great majority of them out in the cold. It occurred to him therefore that, while marriage and the pursuit of secular callings were incompatible with monastic "perfection," there might yet a Zoar be found, wherein men and women could work out their salvation under shelter of a religious rule and bond, but without the seclusion and austerities of the cloister. With this view he founded in 1221, at Florence, the "Order of Penitence" or Tertiaries, for those willing to lead a Christian life while remaining in the world. Its members were to take no vows, but to accept certain rules of life, with an express condition however that they were not binding, like religious vows, "under pain of mortal sin," as such. Some of their rules simply enforced duties already binding on all Christians, such as restitution of unjust gains and reconciliation with enemies, but they were further pledged to wearing a common dress and to a simple and frugal mode of life; to the avoidance of feasts, theatres, and worldly amusements; to abstain from swearing except in a court of justice, and not to bear arms, except in defence of the Church, the Catholic faith, or their country—no unimportant item in that age of multiplied and deadly personal, political, and family feuds. They were also bound on entering the order to make their wills, in order to prevent future litigation. It has been justly observed that the early Christians at the time of the first preaching of the Gospel must have borne to heathen eyes an aspect not very unlike that presented by the Franciscan Tertiaries in the days of their original fervour. We may at all events readily agree with Sir J. Stephen that "the founder of such a confederacy"—simple and unlettered monk though he was—"must have had something of the higher moral instincts of a legislator." He could not easily have devised any method better calculated to restrain the licentiousness and mitigate the harshness and brutality of a coarse and iron age. The earlier religious orders had chiefly addressed themselves, so to speak, *ad clerum*; Francis appealed directly to the people.

There is of course a broad and manifold difference between the circumstances of the fifteenth century and of the nineteenth, nor is the special work contemplated by Archdeacon Farrar for his lay recruits precisely the same as that of the Franciscan Tertiaries. The primary aim of Francis was to provide means for those who were not called to the monastic state to live a godly life in this world and secure their salvation in the next. It is rather, as we gather from his language, with a missionary object that Dr. Farrar would enlist the services of a body of men and women "resembling the mediæval Tertiaries." But the difference is perhaps more in form than in fact. The Franciscans, and for that matter the Dominican Tertiaries too—for St. Dominic adopted the same plan as his saintly friend and contemporary—did really form a powerful missionary agency, and thus Milman remarks that "this lay coadjutry, these Tertiaries, as they were called, acted more widely and more subtly upon the world than the order itself." On the other hand Archdeacon Farrar would no doubt be the first to admit, or rather to insist, that no sanctifying influence is likely to be exerted upon outsiders by those who have not first cultivated in their own persons the holiness they undertake to preach; his own exhortation to them is—so far in entire accordance with the Franciscan—that they should "strive to escape the vulgar average of sloth and ease." Meanwhile in one fundamental point the analogy holds good to the letter. The religious work required for the Church of the thirteenth century could not, as both Dominic and Francis keenly felt, be accomplished by the clergy alone, whether secular or regular, and so in our own experience "the day has come when the laity must feel that the clergy do not exist merely to save them from all trouble in matters which affect the bodies and souls of men." One great element of the strength of English Dissent—notably of Wesleyanism—has always been derived from the large number of its adherents, outside the ranks of the official ministry, whose active co-operation it has enlisted under the name of lay elders, class leaders, and the like, and the Church of England has suffered heavily in times past from her neglect of this means of influence. A great change has confessedly taken place of late years in this respect, and one of the main secrets of the spread of "Ritualism" must be sought in its successful appeal, through the formation of Guilds and Confraternities of various kinds, to popular sympathy and support. It is an appeal at once to the religious and the gregarious instinct, two of the strongest in human nature, and which can least wisely be ignored. If Francis six hundred years ago discerned the want of a rule, flexible in its secular aspects but inflexible in its demand of obedience to the precepts of the Gospel, a rule which should give free scope to the ordinary relations of social and domestic life while yet it brought home practical Christianity with a power alike persuasive and commanding to every hearth and every heart, it can hardly be denied that the Church of our own day has need of some similar machinery if its influence is to take effect on a society, more refined indeed and artificial in its higher strata, but not one whit less worldly and a good deal less believing than that of mediæval Europe. It used to be a common reproach not fifty years ago that "the Church of England was dying of dignity." No fair-minded man even among her bitterest assailants would hesitate to admit that much has been done in the interval to wipe away that reproach, but it does not follow that nothing remains to be done. It was a very similar though perhaps half-unconscious feeling which inspired Francis of Assisi when he knelt that summer evening in 1210 before Innocent III. as he paced the terraces of the stately palace of the Lateran. And it was certainly a consciousness of the danger—quickened according to popular tradition by a nocturnal vision—which moved the great pontiff, who at first was disposed to reject the overtures of his strange and humble visitants, to accept the proffered remedy. There can be little question that in that age the simple devotion of Dominic and Francis saved the spiritual influence of a haughty and aristocratic Church. To use Scriptural language, the people heard them gladly. And in this huge metropolis alone, as Archdeacon Farrar insisted, there are hundreds of thousands, increasing year by year, on whom some such influence must be brought to bear if their allegiance to the Gospel is to be recovered or preserved.

HENLEY REGATTA.

THE second day's rowing in the great river regatta imported no new or sensational feature into its results, which will be remembered as having once more been very evenly divided between different classes of competitors. Separating these last into their proper categories, it will be seen that the prize list includes almost as many of them as it could possibly have done. In short, had a magician attempted to allot the prizes as impartially as he possibly could, he could hardly have effected his object more thoroughly than luck and the Fates did in distributing these honours last week. Of the leading events Oxford, Cambridge, and Eton each won one; while one each was carried off by Thames, Twickenham, London, and Kingston. So much for the seven races in which the whole interest of the regatta is really centred. We must descend to the Thames Cup—for second-rate events—to find the case of a second victory scored by a club already on the prize list. Twickenham took away this humble prize, as well as the silver goblets annually given for the paired race; but this club, which aspired to win all four of the leading events, has come off very short of its anticipations in

securing only one first-rate prize and one of third-rate value. The only really important club which went away quite empty-handed was Leander, to which such a doom is altogether familiar, and for which there really was not a big prize left, without dispossessing one of the other equally great clubs.

So strange and almost unprecedented a distribution of honours amongst the familiar claimants lends an unsensational but very pleasing interest to the regatta of 1884. It is by exactly such results that the courage of each club and the wholesome rivalry so long existing amongst them can be best kept up. A succession of regattas in which one association swept off the bulk of the prizes would soon lead to a reduction in the entries, to a rush of good oarsmen to join the club that so distinguished itself, and ultimately to the dissolution or ruin of the others. Still, it must be admitted that the very equal score made by the competing clubs was due in a large measure to luck. Indeed, a few examples of the effect produced by chance in the past regatta will serve as well as anything else could do to illustrate the prominent part it plays, reducing the game of rowing at Henley to very much the same level as whist, in which skill and a good partner do indeed make a great difference in the winnings, but where fortune may, if she is favourable or unkind, exercise a still more powerful influence. Probably the club which suffered most severely this year from the frowns of the fickle goddess was Thames, which had to all appearance the best four entered at the regatta, and had also an eight which was apparently better at least than that which won. This eight, drawn in the race for the Grand Challenge Cup against the Londoners, and having the outside station, was beat by a bare half-length; and as the better station is supposed to be worth on the very lowest computation more than a length, few can doubt that on a fair course the Thames men would have won their first heat. And, considering that the Londoners in the final heat beat Twickenham by a longer distance than they had beaten Thames, it would seem that the latter ought by rights to have been winners of the principal prize. In the big four-oared race—for the Stewards' Cup—the circumstances were more peculiar. There the Thames four, which was a perfect picture to look at, from some unaccountable reason, came right across the river towards their competitors, the Twickenham four, who had the better station. The latter were, however, so wonderfully speedy a boat that no collision at that time occurred, and the Thames men, having lost a length by their escapade, had to sheer out again and come up on the outside. Half a mile sufficed to bring them up level again; and then the Twickenham men, who had all the appearance of giving in, came out in their turn, and a foul occurred exactly in the middle of the river. Had the Thames men simply kept their course throughout, they must have won either on their merits or on the foul. But the sequel was still more curious. Twickenham in the final heat gained by their extraordinary speed two full lengths on the Kingston four. But when three parts of the course were accomplished, they were clean rowed out, by reason of the excessive work the men had undertaken in other races. They had crossed into the other boat's water, and Kingston, coming up when they were in difficulties, had nothing more to do than to shut them in between themselves and the bank, foul them, and win the prize. Thus Thames, which was almost admittedly the best four in, comes out third on the record; and Kingston, which was almost as manifestly the worst of the three, comes out as winner, partly by reason of the bad steering of the Thames four, and partly by the over-fatigue of the Twickenham oarsmen. Seldom has a more curious commentary been afforded upon the changes and chances of war, and upon the line of tactics which the captains of crews should pursue.

The victory of Unwin for the sculls was very popular, as often happens in the case of a College sculler who is not implicated in the jealousies which exist between members of the great rival clubs on the lower Thames. He is a young oarsman of great promise, having only begun to handle the sculls this year; and, though there are some slight blemishes in his style, such as a tendency to slipshod feathering and a slight bending of the arms, he cannot fail to prove a formidable candidate next year both for the "Diamonds" and the "Wingfield." He may possibly be accounted lucky in not having had to meet Lowndes at his best; for that redoubtable sculler seems to have been clearly overworked when he started for the trial heat of the sculls later on the first day of the regatta. A meeting at the end of the month between the elder and younger Oxford scullers would be extremely interesting; but it seems doubtful whether Unwin will feel himself equal as yet to undertake a race over the long course, and still more doubtful whether Lowndes, who rowed over for the championship last year, will start again. The coming year which is almost sure to make Unwin better is not at all so certain to bring back Lowndes to his old form; nor, if it did so, would it be at all sure to reassert the superiority of the Twickenham man. Moreover, it should be noted—and this in itself is one of the most curious features in the late regatta—that Lowndes, who was said to be overdone at the end of the first day, with Brown, who was rowed almost to standstill in the Stewards', and who actually fainted in the final heat of the "Grand," starting at the close of the second day against a Kingston and London pair, beat them both with consummate ease, and paddled in as if they had been almost fresh. Their victory was, perhaps, as unexpected—after what had occurred—as the defeat of Lowndes had been on the previous day. It throws a light upon the past regatta, and upon Henley rowing generally, which no rowing man will fail to perceive and note.

ENGLISH LAW SCHOOLS.

IN the following remarks we shall assume that law, and English law in particular, is capable of being taught; and that, if this is so, thought and trouble are not wasted in devising how it may be most effectually taught. There are persons, we believe, who think otherwise. For reasons too long to go through here, and substantially the same that were given by Professor Dicey in his inaugural lecture at Oxford last year, we do not agree with them. Either law is a science or it is not. If it is not, all the great lawyers of ancient and modern times, including those whose names and opinions are cited with most reverence even by the most insular and technical of English lawyers, have been wholly mistaken as to the nature and the rank of their own special branch of knowledge. If it is, there is at least a strong presumption against those who maintain that it holds among sciences the unique position of being attainable only by rule of thumb. Now we find in other sciences that there is an elementary course of learning for beginners and an advanced course for older students. And, considering the vast bulk and complication of the subject matter of law, this division would seem to be not less, but (if anything) more applicable to that Faculty than to others. It was, in fact, observed in the Inns of Court in the days when they were really organized after the manner of colleges, and the readings, moots, and other exercises had not degenerated into empty forms. Bearing this in mind, we may give, before we mention what the teaching of law in England is, our general notion of what it ought to be. The teaching power of a complete English law school would, to our mind, be something as follows. Under what names it should be provided is, for the purpose in hand, immaterial. Such titles as professor, reader, lecturer, tutor, may be distributed as they will so long as the thing is there and is treated as a serious reality.

To dispose first of the subjects which are in themselves outside English law, but are necessary for its complete mastery. For Roman law there should be one elementary and one advanced course of instruction constantly accessible in the working season. According to the number of students and the demand there might with advantage be more; we speak here of the needful measure of an ordinary establishment. The reader will understand the like addition to be implied throughout our estimate. The philosophy of law (or general jurisprudence, as it is inelegantly called in this country) and international law might be represented by one teacher apiece; these topics are in their nature rather advanced, and the first elements of them can be well enough gathered from books. Coming to specially English law, one elementary and one advanced course would be required for what is commonly described as constitutional law; but this subject might and ought to include much that does not really belong to the political constitution of the country. Under the existing arrangement of topics there are no regular means (for example) of instructing students in the history of our judicial system, or in the theory of judicial precedents which has grown up with it, and which is much more peculiar than most people know. These matters, together with the general theory of evidence and procedure, might well make a division apart. One chair might do for criminal law, the elements of which are now, thanks chiefly to Mr. Justice Stephen, brought within the compass of a learner's unassisted reading. Private law would call for much more careful subdivision. The common law (including contracts, actionable wrongs, and civil procedure) would claim at least one elementary and one advanced course of lectures, probably two of each kind. The law of property would have two courses assigned to it, one for the general elements and one for the details, including conveyancing. A special chair for commercial and maritime law would certainly not be superfluous, considering their immense development and importance in this country. Bills of exchange, insurance, merchant shipping, and companies would not leave a conscientious teacher with too much time on his hands. Then a double course, elementary and advanced, would be required for the group of subjects still conventionally known as equity, of which trusts are the most prominent head. A chair of Indian law would not be amiss, but may perhaps be regarded as a luxury. We have thus obtained for our model school a total of from twelve to fifteen teachers. And we do not think any one practically acquainted with the teaching of law will consider the estimate extravagant.

Turning from what we imagine as desirable to what at present exists, we find that law lectures are provided by the Inns of Court for their members through the machinery of the Council of Legal Education, of which we spoke in a former article. We may repeat that the Council is a joint committee of the Inns of Court with strictly limited powers, and is in no way responsible for the inadequacy of the means at its disposal. The number of courses is just one-third of what has been indicated as necessary for an efficient school. Roman Law, General Jurisprudence, International Law, and Constitutional Law are assigned to two "joint professors," who, however, fill only one chair, appearing in alternate terms like the Dioscuri, or the little man and woman in the familiar Dutch toy. Roman Law and "Jurisprudence" have special weight assigned to them in the Inns of Court examinations, and why they are crowded into a corner in this fashion we do not know. Still less do we understand why the important and in many ways obscure topic of constitutional law should be thought so little of as to need only a fraction of a teacher's power. Besides these two professors, or this divided professor, there is one whole professor for the common law,

including criminal law; one for the law of property, and one for equity. No provision is made for any distinction between advanced and elementary teaching, nor, with the existing arrangements, would it be practicable for the teachers to introduce it. As a fact, the lectures are of a rather advanced kind, and proceed on the assumption that the hearers are already familiar, through books or attendance at chambers, or in some cases through the law schools of the Universities, with the rudiments of legal terminology and legal habits of thought. There is also no provision for informal instruction or discussion of any sort. It would seem that the number of professors was fixed on rather in order to assign one to each of the four Inns than for any more satisfactory reason, and that the functions of oral teaching which give it a value not affected by the multiplication of books were not much considered in the arrangement of their duties. There is no magic in hearing a man read a chapter from a manuscript which should make it more profitable to the student than reading the same chapter after it is printed in a book. But there is nothing in the Inns of Court system, or want of system, to prevent the professors from being merely readers in this literal and undesirable sense. We are far from saying that at present they are so, as we happen to know the contrary; but their practice depends wholly on their individual choice, and there is no tradition or common understanding in the matter. Indeed, as the professors have no set occasions of meeting and no particular reason for consulting one another, it is difficult to see how a common understanding upon any point of their work is to be formed.

If we look from the Inns of Court to the Universities, we find schools of law which, though still very young and not professing to give the advanced technical instruction which can in fact be efficiently given only in the shadow of the Law Courts, offer already a much greater quantity and variety of teaching. Thus at Oxford in the current term there are seven courses of Roman law lectures, eleven of English, two of international law, three of "jurisprudence," and one of Indian law; twenty-four regular courses in all, besides one or two occasional public lectures which are outside them. All these lectures are in practice open to the whole University, though some are given by professors or readers, and some by college lecturers. It is needless to say that the number of men working in the Oxford law school is nothing like the number of students in the Inns of Court. Either, therefore, the teaching power of the Inns of Court is still far short of the mark, or there is a great superfluity of it at Oxford. At the Inns of Court, again, the examinations are a thing quite apart from the teachers, who are not even consulted, except as to certain prize examinations in the subjects of the lectures. At Oxford the work of the school as a whole is under the direction of the Law Faculty, subject, as to any material changes, to the approval of the University; and meetings and exchange of ideas between the members of the Faculty, professors and others, are constant. The law school of Cambridge resembles that of Oxford in its general constitution, and in the number and class of men following it. For local reasons, which we cannot here enter upon, it is at this moment rather short-handed in teaching power; but as regards the men who take their degrees through the Final School of Jurisprudence at Oxford or the Law Tripos at Cambridge there is no sensible difference in the quality of the work produced. Oxford has a peculiarity, which to our mind is an advantage, in that she retains in a reformed shape her old Civil Law degree. This is taken by men who have already graduated in Arts, whether in the Jurisprudence School or otherwise, and the examination for it is of an advanced kind. It is essentially an Honour degree—that is, to pass for it at all is to pass with credit. Notwithstanding its name, the B.C.L. examination is by no means confined to Roman law. On the contrary, it includes a pretty comprehensive treatment of the outlines of English law, and special branches may be taken up at will. Probably it is the most efficient examination in English law that we have at present anywhere. The Final School of Jurisprudence is simply one of the several alternative methods of proceeding to an Honour degree in Arts; at that stage, of course, hardly more than a sound foundation of legal training can be required. At Cambridge the Law Tripos takes a wider range than this, but does not go so far into special subjects as the Oxford examination for the B.C.L. degree; it confers a title for a degree in Arts or in Law at the successful candidate's option. The so-called University of London (Parliament being omnipotent, has made us call an examining Board an University) gives law degrees by examinations of which we shall only say that as to matter they are in the gall of Austin, and as to form they are in the bond of a mechanical system of adding up marks, the examiners being not judges but reporters. There are law lectures at University College and elsewhere which more or less profess to be adapted to these examinations. But the attendance is, or recently was, very poor, the Inns of Court and the Incorporated Law Society on the one hand, and the Universities on the other, offering the same kind of instruction under pleasanter conditions. Outside Oxford, Cambridge, and London we do not think any regular law school exists in England, though courses of law lectures have from time to time been organized at Manchester and Liverpool with considerable success.

On the whole, the material is evidently not wanting for a law school which shall worthily restore the fame of the Inns of Court; we say the Inns of Court, because the Universities, as we have shown, are taking good enough care of themselves in this Faculty. Two things, we submit, should be taken in hand for this purpose. One, which would need some consideration and a little boldness,

but not any organic change, is to consolidate the existing scheme of professorships into something more like the Law Faculty of a University, and less like the unorganized lectures of a literary institute. The first step in this direction should be the transfer of the lectures from the various halls of the Inns of Court (which do not make particularly good lecture-rooms) to some certain place. The old hall of Lincoln's Inn, for some time used by the Court of Appeal, stands empty, and would serve excellently well. The other point of reform, which needs only good will and very moderate trouble, is the establishment of definite relations with the law schools of the Universities. Something, but not much, is already done in this way as regards Cambridge. But it ought to go much further. We do not see, for one thing, why the Civil Law degree of Oxford should not dispense its holder from any further examination for a call to the Bar. It cannot be obtained without a fair knowledge of both Roman and English law. The standard is certainly higher than that of the present Pass examination of the Inns of Court; and the course of the law school at Oxford, ending with the Civil Law degree, is one which young men destined for the profession, and not aiming at the highest honours in the older and more strictly academical studies of the University, might and ought to be encouraged to follow more than they yet do. Relations of this kind with the Universities would enable the Inns of Court to increase their teaching staff gradually and discreetly, with more intimate knowledge of the student's needs than can at present be readily obtained in London. Let it not be supposed that we want a dozen new lecturers to be appointed in hot haste. That is the kind of mistaken show of zeal of which there has been too much already. Another result, and an even more important one, might be some restoration in the Inns of Court themselves of collegiate life and feeling. Decay has certainly gone very far. But there are a few signs of hope, such as the new common-rooms; and closer contact with the Universities might excite, as it were, an induction current of new life. If there is any question of expense in improving our central law school, we have already shown where saving may be effected. Let us develop systematic teaching, if need be, by cutting down prizes and prize examinations. They would perish unregretted, save by the class of students whom it is least desirable to encourage. As a preliminary condition to serious improvement on any of these lines, the powers and discretion of the Council of Legal Education should be freely enlarged.

THE BANK DIVIDENDS.

THE dividend announcements of the London banks have caused some surprise; they are so much more favourable than had been expected. Of the six purely London banks, five declare the same rate of dividend as twelve months ago, and one declares a rate of dividend ten shillings per cent. less than the rate declared for the first half of last year. This bank, however, is small; all the principal banks maintain the same rate of dividend as twelve months ago. Of the three Discount Companies, again, two declare the same rate of dividend as twelve months ago, and one distributes ten shillings per cent. more than at this time last year. Taking banks and Discount Companies together, therefore, the rates of dividend have been fully maintained. And it is to be borne in mind that the capitals of the banks are larger now than they were a year ago. In consequence of the adoption of limited liability, the banks had to increase their capitals. The new capital has been called up gradually, and in some cases it is now fully paid, and is receiving dividends; while in other cases, although not yet ranking for dividend, it is receiving interest. In either case, taking the whole of the banks together, the amount of capital is larger than it was twelve months ago. Yet, as we see, the banks have maintained their rates of dividend, in spite of this increase of capital. This goes to counterbalance the fact that the balances carried forward from the half-year just ended to the half-year on which we have entered are smaller than the balances so carried forward twelve months ago. It was naturally expected that there would be a considerable falling-off in the earning powers of the banks; for the six months just ended appeared very unfavourable to banking enterprise. Trade was excessively dull. From every part of the country the reports have uniformly been of increasing depression. Some of the greatest industries are in deep distress, and everywhere there is slackness and a declining amount of work done. The Board of Trade Returns published this week prove that the complaints of manufacturers and merchants in this respect are not ill founded. So do the traffic returns of the railways; and so, again, do the returns of the Bankers' Clearing House. All the statistics available in short show that trade is not as good as it was a year ago; and, therefore, one would expect that the requirements of trade for accommodation from bankers would have been less. It is true, indeed, that the falling off in the actual amount of trade done is less than would be supposed from the universal complaints heard; but that profits are exceedingly small cannot be doubted. And, as profits have shrunk greatly, or entirely disappeared, it would seem to follow that the profits of bankers, who are only auxiliaries of trade, must also have declined. Again, speculation has been almost entirely absent during the past six months. At the end of last year the failure of Mr. Villard caused a convulsion in New York, which prepared the public on both sides of the Atlantic for the panic that has since occurred there. In consequence, there has been throughout the six months an extraordinary depression in American railroad securities, and speculation in that class of security has almost

entirely died out. At the same time the anarchy in Egypt, the apprehensions excited by the operations of the French in Tonquin, and since then the ill-feeling aroused in France on account of the Egyptian question, have still further tended to discourage speculation; and, lastly, the outbreak of cholera has caused an utter stagnation upon the Stock Exchanges of Europe. There has therefore been a much smaller demand on account of the Stock Exchange for accommodation from the banks than there was twelve months ago. With depressed trade and speculation in collapse, the general anticipation was that the bank dividends would have been much smaller than they have been for some years past. Add to all this that the losses both of traders and of speculators have been excessively heavy, and one would naturally expect that a part of the losses at least would have fallen upon the banks. It is true that the number of failures both in trade and upon the Stock Exchange has been surprisingly small, but that the losses, nevertheless, have been extremely heavy is notorious. In wheat, in sugar, and indeed in most other commodities, the fall of prices has been very great, and has led to enormous losses in certain directions; while the fall in the prices of American railway securities has been almost unparalleled in so short a time. How is it that some part, at least, of these losses has not fallen upon the banks, and therefore that they have not been called upon to apply a portion of their earnings to make good those losses? The reports of only some of the banks are yet before us, and it is, of course, impossible therefore to speak with confidence of what they will all show. But it is generally understood that the half-year has been surprisingly free from heavy losses. Indeed, the fact that the dividends have been maintained sufficiently proves that.

The reports already issued show that there has been some falling-off in earnings, but not much, and people are naturally asking how the banks have prospered so well when trade has been so depressed. The answer probably is that there has been a less falling off in the accommodation required from bankers than is generally supposed. The characteristic of the present trade depression is that the actual amount of business done has diminished very little during the past few years. Manufacturers and merchants alike hope that the depression will be very temporary, and will be followed by exceedingly good times; and, that they may be able to avail themselves of the prosperity that is coming, they require to keep themselves prepared to take advantage of the turn. Manufacturers must keep their factories in full working order, and merchants must keep up their stocks, and both alike must maintain their credit with their bankers. Just now both merchants and manufacturers consider themselves lucky if they can cover all their expenses without looking for much profit for themselves. It would seem, in fact, from the dividend announcement not alone of the London, but also of the provincial banks, that bankers at present are absorbing almost the whole profit on such trade as is being done. It is further to be borne in mind that the interest payable for the use of capital in the short loan market was fairly good in the first three months of the year. It is only since the beginning of April that the rate of discount in London has fallen very low. During the first three months, therefore, the banks did fairly well, and the decline in the value of money since has been rather favourable to them than otherwise. They were able in the first quarter to discount bills running for three, four, or six months at high rates, and since then they have been able to borrow money at very low rates. Another point to be borne in mind is that a large part of the business done by banks is really not regulated by the Bank of England official rate of discount. That rate of discount does regulate the rate charged by other banks and discount houses to bankers and firms of very high standing; but the bills of mercantile houses which may be perfectly solvent but still have not very high credit are discounted at special rates; while advances made upon bills of lading and the like are generally charged at high rates. Moreover, the London banks do a considerable business in the suburbs and the West-End at rates entirely unregulated by the official rate of the Bank of England. In the West-End, and in all the suburbs, for example, they do a large business with shopkeepers and others, whom they generally charge five per cent., whatever the official Bank of England rate may be. And to private customers also the five per cent. rate is rarely departed from, however cheap money may be in the City. Up to the present, then, the depression in trade has not had as much effect in diminishing the earnings of the banks as might have been expected. If it goes on much longer, it will tell heavily. In the half-year that we have now entered upon the value of money is exceedingly low; and should it continue so to the end the profits of the banks must be small. But hitherto the various reasons we have pointed out have enabled the banks to make very handsome profits.

The most remarkable thing, however, in the dividend announcements is the apparent immunity of the banks from bad debts. How have they managed to escape all the losses that have fallen upon traders and upon speculators? The explanation would seem to be that merchants, speculators, and bankers have been more careful during the speculative period from 1880 to 1882 than they generally got credit for. The losses since that have fallen so heavily upon traders and speculators have been caused by the depreciation of both securities and commodities. Those securities and commodities were, to a large extent, bought by means of money borrowed from the banks; and we need hardly say that, as long as the borrowers were not called upon to repay their loans, or

to sell the commodities or securities, losses were represented on paper merely. It would seem that merchants and speculators alike were moderate in their enterprises a couple of years ago. They not only kept well within their credit, but they had a large reserve of wealth which they did not pledge. When prices fell and the banks looked to them for further security, they were able to draw upon this reserve and to satisfy the banks. In this way the loans made two or three years ago have been kept going; the banks have sufficient security to satisfy them that their ventures are safe, and in the meantime they are earning a handsome interest upon those old loans. It will be seen, then, that, although speculation has ceased, speculators are keeping going speculations on which they engaged some years ago, and are paying to the banks heavy interest for the large loans then made. If the speculators and merchants had been imprudent enough to borrow to the very utmost limit of their credit, when the fall in prices came the banks would have had to do what the New York banks did a little while ago, to sell the commodities and securities pledged to them, because of insufficient security. But as the borrowers were able to give all the security needed, the banks have not been driven to this alternative, and thus there has been no panic here in London, nor even any serious alarm. If the coming harvest turns out as good as it is expected to be, and if then there is a revival of confidence, there will certainly be a considerable rise of prices both in securities and commodities; and as soon as prices rise, those who have borrowed largely from the banks will be able to sell without loss to themselves, and the banks will thus find themselves once more free. Of course, if the present want of confidence continues it will be otherwise. Then it may be that the banks will find that many of the debts which they now treat as good are utterly bad, and that in future years they will have to face heavy losses. It is hardly probable, however, that the extreme want of confidence now existing will last much longer. Since the banks have been able to continue their accommodation to their customers up to the present, they will be able to continue it longer; and every day that passes without any untoward accident tends to make people forget the losses of the past, and to perceive that the alarm into they were thrown was unfounded. Gradually, then, confidence will revive, and with a revival of confidence it will be seen that the existing prices of sound dividend-paying securities and of commodities that are always in demand by consumers are too low. When this is perceived the difficulties of traders and speculators will disappear, and the prudence of the banks in not precipitating a crisis will be rewarded.

CONCERTS AND ENTERTAINMENTS.

THE fifth and final meeting this season of Mme. Viard-Louis's Beethoven recitals was held at Prince's Hall on Saturday, the extent of the pianist's progress being marked by the performance of the sonata for piano and horn (Op. 17). With this composition Mme. Viard-Louis may be said to have conducted her interpretation of the pianoforte works to the year 1799, though not with absolute chronological sequence. Many of Beethoven's compositions remained unnumbered for years, and several belong to the period indicated. Among them are the two early sonatas (Op. 49) and the twelve variations for piano and violoncello on an air from the *Zauberflöte* (Op. 66). Special interest attaches to the sonata (Op. 17), on account of the instrumental combination being unique in Beethoven's works, and because of the composer's share in its execution and its great popularity. Beethoven must have been partial to it, as he frequently played it, and without the score; while on its production it received the unusual honour of an encore. An excellent rendering of this charming duet was given by Mme. Viard-Louis and Herr Stenhebruggen. Of superior interest, however, was the execution of the quintett for piano and wind (Op. 16), in which the pianist received the assistance of Mr. Lazarus, clarinet, Mr. Malsch, oboe, Mr. Mann, horn, and M. Wotton, bassoon. This fine work was first heard at a concert given by Schuppanzigh, the Falstaff of Beethoven's Vienna circle, in 1797, and too seldom finds a place in modern concerts. With so fortunate a combination of artists, it is almost unnecessary to speak of the admirable delicacy of the interpretation of this beautiful composition, which so curiously abounds in Mozart-like characteristics. The second movement, with its suave but mournful initial subject and exquisite melodic charm, received the most expressive and finished execution of all the parts. The programme included also the two pianoforte sonatas (Op. 14) in E major and G major, the former a singular instance of the occasional lapse of genius into something like dullness. The effect of the latter was somewhat marred by the distracting competition of a barrel-organ outside, a nuisance that threatens to make morning concerts at Prince's Hall impossible in the future, so greatly does it increase. The street organist seems particularly to affect the purlieus of Jernyn Street, and is at no time so energetic as during a Beethoven recital. The vocalist, Miss Wilmers, accompanied by Mr. Lindsay Sloper, gave a selection of songs that included the pathetic "Seufzer eines Ungeliebten," in good style but with slight range of expression.

The concerts of Mme. Sainton-Dolby's Vocal Academy afford striking proof of the excellence of a system that is not merely concerned with the perfecting of young voices in the more mechanical attributes of vocalization. The advantages of a school of training that is truly artistic, presided over by an eminent

artist, were strikingly displayed in several instances at the concert at Steinway Hall last week. As hitherto, the programme was not entrusted solely to pupils actually under Mme. Sainton-Dolby's tuition, but was shared by old pupils and members of the profession. The soloists generally acquitted themselves with remarkable freedom from the defects of amateurs, and several evinced in the more dramatic numbers powers of expression not always associated with technical perfection. Nothing is more distressing than to hear operatic excerpts given with accurate intonation, and even with expressive phrasing, yet unanimated by the slightest dramatic fervour. True as it is that the growth of the artistic nature is in a great measure an evolution, and that no teaching can transform the possessor of a voice into an artist, it is not less true that the combined precept and example of a great artist is of powerful influence in awakening latent unsuspected force. The original impress of such teaching is very clearly discernible in most singers, and the original shaping influence that determines style is never finally dissipated. Excellent promise was displayed in the distinctive and finished delivery of an air from *Torquato Tasso*, by Miss Amy Foster, in Miss Hilda Coward's rendering of the Jewel song from *Feust*, in Miss Fanny Moody's admirable singing of Berthold Tours's "Only love can tell," and "Non mi dir," from *Don Giovanni*, and in other operatic selections by Miss Florence New and Miss Helen Killik. Some part-singing, conducted by M. Sainton, was of unusual quality; Marschner's "Nymphs in the Rhine," and Mr. A. C. Mackenzie's "Distant Bells" and "Come, Sisters, come," were sung with perfect precision and the most effective gradation of light and shade.

Herr Carl Weber provided a well-varied programme of modern music for his pianoforte recital at Prince's Hall last week. In rendering Schumann's *Faschingschwank aus Wien* the pianist's sympathetic style was admirably in accord with his subject, of which he gave an expressive and eloquent version; equally satisfactory was his playing of two preludes by Stephen Heller and Levy's very attractive *Nuit Vénitienne*. Schütt's Concerto in G minor, which formed the chief item of the concert, was less evenly rendered; it is a composition abounding in fine passages, occasionally instinct with real power and inspiration, yet is unimpressive by reason of the debilitating diffuseness so characteristic of modern compositions. Mr. Bernard Lane sang with finished expression Mr. Cowen's delightful song "The Old and the Young Marie"; and some unaccompanied duets by Holstein were given by the Misses Layton, with the charm and effect that owe their power to the most perfect vocalization rather than to natural vocal endowments.

At St. James's Hall Mr. Frederic Maccabe has combined a diverting assortment of his clever character impersonations with a display of ventriloquism. The merits of the former as portrayed in the entertainment "Begone, dull Care" are familiar enough. Despite Mr. Maccabe's long absence in other countries, their force and freshness have not suffered in the interim. As a bilquist Mr. Maccabe's powers are very considerable, and are exhibited in the most ingenious fashion; he scorns all adventitious aids, and produces really surprising effects in the open view of a critical audience. Chief among his impersonations is his presentment of the modern troubadour, the most vivid figure conceivable, absolutely reproducing Hood's graphic portrait of the street singer, "with the iron throat and ragged coat" who sang for posterity. Mr. Maccabe's singing, however, is not productive of the like effect; for, though his voice completely fills the house, it does not empty it.

MIDSUMMER RACING.

THE most interesting event at the Bibury Club races was the dead-heat between the most famous professional and amateur jockeys in the world. Only 11 to 8 was laid against the horse ridden by Archer, while 6 to 1 was laid against Mr. A. Coventry's mount. There were five other starters, and the course was over one mile. Archer and Mr. Coventry waited until reaching the rails, when they began to draw up to the leaders, and at the distance they came away as if locked together. It was a splendid race, and there appeared to be little to choose between the performance of the professional and the amateur. In the deciding heat Archer made all the running, and won very easily by half a length. Energy could not make Geheimniss gallop in the race for the Stockbridge Cup. Including her subsequent walks over at Newmarket, this mare has now won six races this season. The Northumberland Plate was rather unexpectedly won by Lawminster, who is in form this year; but his weight was too much for him, a week later, in the Cumberland Plate, when he was beaten a length by Mr. Jardine's Newton. On the day following the Northumberland Plate there was some interesting two-year-old racing at Stockbridge. The Duke of Portland's Langwell and Lord Alington's Match Girl came out for the Post Sweepstakes. Now Langwell had started first favourite for the New Stakes at Ascot, but he had been unplaced to Melton; while Match Girl had run second, within half a length of the winner. Yet backers would not believe in the truth of this running, and they adopted the dangerous policy of making a favourite of Langwell, in direct opposition to the evidence of public form. They were well and deservedly punished for their pains, as their favourite was beaten below the distance, although he had Archer on his back, and Cannon won easily by three lengths with Match Girl. The winner is by Plebeian, out of Fusee, who, it

will be remembered, was the dam of St. Blaise. The Duke of Westminster's White Nun, by Hermit, won the Troy Stakes very easily; but, like her late half-sister, Spectre, she showed a good deal of temper, which does not promise well for her future, although she is evidently a very fast filly. The Hurstbourne Stakes brought out Lord Alington's Stella colt, now named Luminary, who won a Biennial at Ascot, Grecian Bride, the winner of the Stanley Stakes at Epsom, and Present Times, the winner of the Royal Stakes at Windsor. This colt had been a bad third to Grecian Bride in the Stanley Stakes at Epsom. Archer dashed away at once with Luminary, and won very easily by two lengths. On the same day, at Newcastle, Laverock, who had been second to Present Times at Windsor, was second again to Albert, to whom he was giving 15 lbs. in the Seaton Delaval Stakes, after a fine race, won by a head only. Melton, Luminary, and Present Times met again in the valuable July Stakes, at Newmarket. Besides these, Petersham, a colt by Galopin that had never run before in public, was thought to have a slight chance, as also was Donatello, a remarkably good-looking colt by Doncaster, who began well by winning a couple of races at Chester and then disappointed his backers at Ascot, when they had laid 2 to 1 on him. Luminary, who was ridden by Webb, made all the running. At the top of the hill Melton and Present Times went up to him, and many people thought they would both beat him; but he came again very gamely, and, after a struggle with Melton, he won by a head. Present Times, who looked light in his flanks, finished badly. Luminary is wonderfully muscular for a two-year-old, and his great power gives him an advantage over his contemporaries in a tiring finish. He cost 500*l.* when a foal, but in his two races he has won 2,400*l.* for his owner. After the July Stakes, Insignia, who belongs to Mr. Hammond, the owner of St. Gatien, was made a strong favourite for a two-year-old sweepstakes. This filly had won three races, but now she was beaten by Eurasian easily, although by a neck only. After the race Mr. Hammond gave 1,000 guineas for the winner, who is by Camballo. This colt was by no means universally admired, but Mr. Hammond evidently considers him a flyer from his form with Insignia; yet on the Friday, with Archer on his back, he was unplaced for the Princess of Wales's Cup, which was won by Bird of Freedom, whose only other performance had been to win a maiden plate at Sandown. The great novelty of the July Meeting was the Arab race. Eight horses started; the distance was two miles, and the stakes (including 100*l.* given by Mr. Wilfrid Blunt) were worth 650*l.* Dictator, the first favourite, had won the Bombay Derby, and Kismet had also shown good form in India. Most of the starters had lately been undergoing preparations under English professional trainers, who appeared to hold a very low estimate of the capabilities of their charges. One of them is said to have doubted whether an allowance of 5 st. would have put his Arab on an equality with an English plater. The Arabs were ridden by some of the best-known jockeys. Archer had no mount, but Cannon, C. Wood, Martin, Webb, S. Loates, Barrett, Goater, and Nightingale were riding. The race was won by Admiral Tryon's Asil, a three-year-old, about 14 hands and 3 inches high. The finish was an exceedingly poor one. Later in the afternoon the three crack jockeys—Archer, Cannon, and Wood—rode for the Midsummer Stakes on Hermitage, Kinsky, and Yanko, and they finished in the above order. Odds had been laid on Kinsky, but Archer won by a neck on Hermitage.

Match Girl was made a strong favourite for the Chesterfield Stakes, which she would probably have won had she not fallen lame on her way down to the post. As it was, the race was won by Child of the Mist, who had been three lengths behind Luminary at Ascot. Langwell was now half a length behind him, and Present Times was unplaced. This running tended much to the glorification of Luminary and Melton. A curious thing happened on the Friday in a Selling Plate for two-year-olds. Goldstone, a colt by Rosicrucian, won the race so easily that he was purchased for 1,150 guineas, of which his owner would only get 500*l.*; and as the balance, according to the rules of racing, had to be divided between the owner of the second horse and the fund, the winner only won 160*l.*, while the second horse received rather more than double that sum. It must have been mortifying to the owner of the winner to lose his horse for less than half his value, and he can scarcely have known before the race what a smart colt he possessed. Marmora, the first favourite, had previously won two races, but she only ran third, a neck behind the dam by Martyrdom filly, who was four lengths behind the winner. Goldstone only cost 100 guineas as a yearling, which was exactly the amount of his sire's fee. None of the Arabs came out for the race in which they were to receive an allowance of two stone. Apart from the two-year-old racing and the sale of Lord Falmouth's breeding stud, the July Meeting was exceptionally dull. Fortunately the weather did much to make up for the deficiencies of the sport.

The most interesting event of the racing season has been the sale of Lord Falmouth's stud. The sale of the twenty-four horses in training in the spring for upwards of 36,000 guineas perhaps created more excitement than the subsequent sale of the breeding stud for 75,440 guineas; but in many respects the latter sale was the most interesting. Hitherto the first sale of the Middle Park Stud had been the greatest sale of thoroughbred breeding stock ever known; but, although the contents of Lord Falmouth's stud farm did not bring in anything like the proceeds of the Middle Park sale (upwards of 120,000*l.*), their averages far sur-

passed those of Middle Park. The average of 1,460 guineas apiece for thirty-four mares and foals obtained at Lord Falmouth's sale was something enormous, considering that there were mares seventeen years old and foals under three months old. In averaging but very little more than the mares and foals, the stallions may be said to have sold badly; but the yearlings averaged over 1,140 guineas each, a return which had never been reached before over so many lots. Then, when we look at the entire sale of Lord Falmouth's thoroughbred stock, consisting of 79 lots, and consider that they brought in an average return of upwards of 1,400 guineas each, we get some idea of the esteem in which it was held by the racing world. When Hermit's dam fetched 2,000 guineas some years ago, it was considered a prodigious price, and the 2,500 guineas given for Anderida was thought ridiculous; but now we had Spinaway fetching 5,500 guineas, Wheel of Fortune 5,000, Jannette and Cantinière over 4,000 guineas apiece, and three other mares 3,000 or more. According to the *Morning Post*, Lord Falmouth gave 2,000l. for Cantinière, 1,000l. for Mavis, who fetched 3,000l., and 1,000l. for Palmflower, who fetched 3,800l. We merely mention this in order to show what excellent judgment Lord Falmouth used in choosing his mares. The 1,300 guineas given for Jannette's foal, under three months old, was the highest price ever given for a foal. Three or four years ago if a yearling fetched 3,000 guineas it was one of the events of the season, but two yearlings brought in that sum at the Mereworth sale, and two others sold for between two and three thousand each. In these bad times people have so little money that land is a drug in the market; foreigners are allowed to buy our works of art, and pictures are selling at a ruinous depreciation; yet racing stock, at any rate at Lord Falmouth's sales, has been selling higher than it has ever sold before, and only two of the more valuable mares in the Mereworth stud were purchased by foreigners. In further proof of the prosperity of the Turf, we may notice that the gross receipts last year at Epsom Grand Stand over six days' racing exceeded 26,000l. Assuredly the bad times do not affect racing.

In comparison with the sale of the Mereworth stud, others appear insignificant, but it may be interesting to note that the stock of two sires, of whom much is expected, have come into the market for the first time this season. Among the Marden Deer Park yearlings were several by Beaudesert, the best of which went for 400 guineas, and the Beenham House yearling sale introduced the stock of the famous Robert the Devil, two of them making 350 guineas each—a very high price for the produce of an untried stallion. Mr. Chaplin's yearlings sold very well last week, averaging but little under 1,000 guineas each. Sir John Willoughby gave 2,000 for an own sister to Queen Adelaide, which was considered by some good judges to have more bone and better feet than her famous sister, and to be equally good-looking. The stock of Hermit have been keeping up their prices this season, but they have been beaten, in individual cases, by those of Galopin, Cremorne, and Kisher. At the sale of the Mereworth yearlings, five by Galopin made the enormous average of 2,440 guineas apiece. It remains, however, to be said that the returns of several sales of yearlings have been lower than usual, and the tendency at present appears to be to give extravagant sums for well-made stock of running strains, and to neglect second-rate stock altogether.

It is never pleasant to see a good horse crushed out of a race by excessive weight; yet it is interesting to see an example of fine handicapping. On Wednesday last there was a splendid specimen of a handicap in the Liverpool Cup, when the wonderful mare Florence and the moderate plater John Jones were brought within a neck of each other, over a mile and a half, by 2 st. 7 lbs. The public was quite wrong in supposing the race to be a certainty for the mare, and laying 2 to 1 on her; for Woodburn made very strong running on John Jones, leading by many lengths during a great part of the race, and thus causing every ounce of the favourite's weight to tell upon her; and although Florence, who was ridden by Archer, almost caught him, he won by a neck at the post. Two stone and a half is an immense allowance for one horse to give to another of its own age, and Florence's performance was greatly to her credit. Her defeat was another proof of the wisdom of the old racing maxim, "Weight will tell."

REVIEWS.

THE PREACHERS OF THE GOSPEL AT BASILE.*

IT is a remarkable fact that the influence of the Swiss Reformation on the changes of religion introduced in the reign of Edward VI. has been almost entirely ignored by writers of the ecclesiastical history of the period, as well as by commentators on the Thirty-nine Articles of Religion which were imposed upon the clergy in Elizabeth's reign, after having been slightly modified and altered from the Forty-two Articles of the year 1552. This is in part owing to these writers having taken no notice of the numerous publications of the earlier years of Edward's reign,

* The answers that the preachers of the Gospel at Basile made for the defence of the true administration and use of the holy Supper of our Lord against the abomination of the Popish Masse. Translated out of Latin into English by George Bancrofte. 1548.

which throw a flood of light upon the meaning of the changes introduced first in the Prayer-Book authorized to be used in 1549, and in that further development which characterizes the second Prayer-Book which came out in 1552, and which had a short-lived existence of a few months, during which it seems to have been but little used. There is, indeed, this excuse for the general ignorance that prevails concerning these works—namely, that they are so very scarce that very few copies exist of any of them, whilst some are absolutely unique, and to be met with only at Lambeth, or in the British Museum, or the Bodleian Library, as it may chance.

We have undertaken to introduce to our readers one of these works, which was first published in the year 1548, and of which we have seen a copy at Lambeth, numbered by the late Dr. Maitland among the scarce books kept together in one corner of the Library as xxxi. 9, 12. We will not take upon ourselves to say there is no other copy in existence; but it is the only one of this date which we have seen. There is, however, another edition of the following year, printed by the same printers, a copy of which may be found in the Tanner Collection in the Bodleian (xxxix. 7), without a title. The book is not mentioned at all by Lowndes, but both editions are duly chronicled by Dibdin in his edition of Ames; and if it is remembered that books of that period were not issued without a permission from the Government—that is to say, from Somerset and the Council—we shall not be accused of overrating its importance in connexion with the projected changes of religion. Indeed, it may be said that nearly all the religious publications of the day were of the Zuinglian school, with one or two exceptions, belonging to the Lutheran teaching as represented by Cranmer. In many points, of course, there was an agreement between the two schools, and especially as regards the condemnation of the Popish Mass, which formed the subject of so many of these volumes.

The volume we have in hand is perhaps the most important of those which prepared the way, first for the Prayer-Book of 1549, and then for that of 1552; for it was only in 1552, after its second publication, that some of its suggestions could safely be carried out. It was printed by John Day and William Seres *cum gratia et privilegio ad imprimendum solum*.

The first four leaves are occupied by the preface, in which George Bancrofte addresses "the right worshipful and his singular good master Silvester Butler." In it the writer first explains his view of the sacraments, which is exactly the Swiss doctrine that they are "externe signs and tokens of such gifts as God hath and doth daily work in us," and that "in eating and drinking people are put in remembrance that they are one body, of which Christ is the head"; and here, as if the writer of the Latin treatise had not indulged sufficiently in reviling the Roman priesthood, he inserts some abuse on his own account, of which the following is a specimen:—

The belly bishops of Babilon, the Romish Anti-Christ, have annulled, extirpated, and clean abolished the ordinance of Christ, and use of the Apostles . . . and have of their own brain excogitated, devised, and brought into the Church a new and strange ordinance . . . which is as contrary to Christ's will and purpose, touching that blessed Supper as heaven to earth, light to darkness, life to death, and they call it the blessed Masse, but it may be truly called devilish masking, for men's eyes are masked that they cannot see the truth.

A little after he writes:—"My pen abhorreth to write what ducking, kneeling, licking, kissing or crossing, and breathing, these devil's apes have devised in the whorish mass," and concludes his preface with giving as a reason for having translated the treatise into English, that in it will be found that "the true use of the Lord's Supper, also the devilish patching of the Popish Masse, is in few words, lively declared," and further stating his object to be "that these things may shortly be reformed, that the poor flock of Christ be no more deceived with such crafty conveyance to keep them in continual blindness for lucre's sake, to the great danger of their souls and pernicious derogation of God's glory, to whom be honour and glory for ever. Amen."

Now a casual reader in the nineteenth century might see in all this nothing but the idiosyncrasy of an individual writer who allowed himself to be carried away by his prejudices into the use of intemperate language. But it must not be forgotten that the specimen we have given of the teaching of this volume may be matched in a considerable number of other controversial publications of the period, and that all these publications were not only allowed, but licensed by the Government of the day, i.e. by Somerset and the Council, who were quite content to make what profit they could for their purpose of entirely destroying the old religion without making themselves responsible for the violence of the language, which, though it might serve to encourage some in joining with them in their project of destruction, would have a tendency to frighten others who were not prepared for so advanced a form of Protestantism.

The tone of the treatise itself is in exact accordance with that of the translator's preface. The writers, speaking always in the plural number, profess to explain to the magistrates of Basle what their faith really is, with a view to creating unity and concord in the city, now that they had succeeded in demonstrating to them that the Mass was not a sacrifice, but a detestable abomination and a devilish idolatry, because it was never ordained of Christ, as is evident from Scripture, which is the touchstone by which all doctrine must be proved; and, if it had been so ordained, has been so abused as to become a blasphemous and heinous abomination before God. But, though professing their entire

adherence to Scripture, they recognize their inability to justify their own method of administering the sacrament by Scripture precedent, and so they provide for this by observing that it will not do to press the exact letter of Scripture too far, as, for instance, as regards the time of administration, which was the evening; whereas their custom was to celebrate in the early part of the day; and again, as to the posture, which was sitting, whereas the more convenient plan is to receive in a standing posture. The chief thing always to be remembered was that Christ did abhor all extern and outward pomps, using nothing but bread and wine and the word. Speaking of the words of institution, they say:—

By these words the bread and wine are made the sacrament and holy tokens of Christ's body and blood, these words offer to us the promises of a joyful Gospel which, if we receive with a true faith, we eat spiritually in spirit the flesh and blood of Christ, and thereby obtain life eternal.

They next proceed to object to what they call "princely decorations of vestures," and also to the theory of the necessity of a priesthood, of which they complain that their adversaries "believe and labour to persuade others that, by the bishop's anointing, a mark is printed on their souls, whereby they are made of greater authority than angels or S. Mary the Virgin; yea, and this mark, they say, can by no means be put away." In entire consistency with this view they afterwards add that there are no priests, but every Christian man is ordained of Christ to be a priest, to pray, to give thanks and praise to God, because it is said, "Ye are a chosen generation, a royal priesthood," there being no necessity for special priests, because "God will always raise up some in the congregation for this office."

After stating their objections to a priesthood of any kind, they pass on to a bitter tirade against the manners and morals of priests, of whom they allege that

If reward be promised they are ready to sing mass, but if no reward come, then will they neither sing nor say; for no penny, no paternoster.

On the next page we have the following:—

Here we omit and pass over their filthy whoredom, continual hate, malicious envy, unfruitful idleness, and other abominations which make them reprobable both before God and man, and through this their ungodly conversation all men for the most part are driven from the true service of God. A man therefore cannot think how much God abhorreth them and their deeds.

Whilst professing, however, to omit and pass over these things, they recur to them again and again, not arguing for the general importance of holiness of life in a priest, but inferring from the wickedness of Popish priests the invalidity of their acts, because they could not be fit to preach sermons to others, and because "Our Lord's Supper ought never to be ministered without the remembrance of Christ's death, nor without a sermon or exhortation, and that in a language that the congregation may perfectly understand to their edification as Christ also taught his disciples." Having clenched this argument, they proceed further to enforce it in the following words:—

When they mass for money, and other causes above rehearsed, how can it be possible that they, being whoremongers and altogether carnally minded, should pray and give thanks with a devout and pure conscience? Though they also seem to themselves to be devout men, yet in praying they make much less labour and their hearts are far off. They are therefore abominable before God—for, as he saith by Malachias, their blessing shall be accursed. When they come to the distribution of the Sacrament, they break it in three pieces, one piece for the quick, another for them that be in heaven, and the third for the dead being in purgatory, and at last eat all themselves; but it were more mete to feed others and be without themselves.

Towards the end of the treatise there is what purports to be an historical account of the first introduction of the different parts of the office of the Mass, beginning with Pope Alexander's ordaining the mixing the water with the wine and the use of unleavened bread and holy water in A.D. 112, and ending with Gregory's appointing the Kyrie Eleison in A.D. 592. It might be thought the facts were intended to show the antiquity of the different parts of the Ceremonial of the Missal; but the writers refuse to regard anything as of value unless it be found *totidem verbis* in Holy Scripture, and their whole object is to show the origin of alleged superstitious observances which cannot be supported by Scriptural evidence.

The chief value of the work is that it supplies an additional link in the evidence that there was a deliberate intention on the part of the Council from the first year of Edward's reign to carry out the changes of religion at least as far as the teaching of the Prayer-Book of 1552. The theory that has been current for some years amongst a certain section of Churchmen, that all things went well whilst English divines had the management of the change in the formularies, as represented in the first Prayer-Book of Edward's reign, issued in 1549, but that the advent of foreign Protestants into England was the cause of the disastrous changes introduced into the second Prayer-Book of 1552, will not bear confronting with the facts of history. The truth is that English divines were not competent to do the work Somerset had taken in hand, and so the assistance and co-operation of foreign Protestants was called in. And this conclusion is further strengthened by the fact that so many of the publications of the day which were meant to further the progress of reformation were mere translations, like the work we have been reviewing, from Swiss or Dutch books, with a preface introducing them to English readers, which frequently consists of little else than an echo of the sentiments expressed in the treatise itself.

Surely English Churchmen need not be afraid of looking historical facts in the face if they will remember that they are not bound to believe what this or that Reformer, or what the whole body of the Reformers of the sixteenth century intended; and that the Book of Common Prayer to which their adhesion is due gives no sanction either to the Zuinglian views prevalent in the reign of Edward VI., or the Calvinistic form of belief which characterized the reign of Elizabeth.

FOUR NOVELS.*

"HOW English novels are made; by the men (and women) who make them." Perhaps this will be the next invention of ingenious journalism; but, unless the novelists have something more to tell than the playwrights, we shall none of us be much the wiser for their revelations. According to "the men who make" the plays, indeed, they do not make them at all; the plays make themselves. If we are to take most of them at their word, their part is merely receptive and mechanical; but that is because they have minds breathed upon by the breath of genius. If the ordinary man were to make up his mind to follow this method, we fear his play would never get written at all. But with our playwrights who have "lipped the brim of Helicon" it is different; the idea of a play, or, as one of them prefers, a play without an idea, "comes to them"; and after a longer or shorter period of incubation, passive, but painful, they are suddenly seized with a fine creative frenzy, and lo! the play is written before they are well aware of it. Somehow we have an idea that novelists, or most of them, could give us, if they would, a little more substantial information about the way in which their novels get written. One method at any rate we feel sure must be prevalent among young lady novelists, of the innocent kind, which may be styled the domestic method, or method of amateur collaboration. In the case of the first of the books before us, and, if the authoress had not been such an old hand, we should have said in that of the second also, we seem to be able to picture it all as if it were being done before our eyes. The process is akin to that of making up impromptu charades or scenes for dumb-crambo, only that the collaboration which of course is casual, and more or less accidental, is confined to two or three young ladies in the confidence of the authoress. "You must have a so-and-so, you know, who does so-and-so," suggests one. "Why should not the hero, &c. &c.?" throws in a second. Then the real authoress has got her inspiration:—"Oh! no; I know! The heroine . . ." and so on, and so on. We have nothing to say against this plan for novels of the kind we are speaking of; or, if we have, we have no wish to point the moral of it against the two very inoffensive, and indeed commendable, books referred to; but will rather proceed to speak of them individually, without further remark on the method of manufacturing these two in particular, or English novels in general.

Two Ifs is essentially a young lady's novel; it is a readable, pretty little story, somewhat of the kind of thing one finds in the holiday numbers of illustrated weeklies. Although in three volumes, it contains but little letterpress, and thus the reviewer is appeased. The writer has very wisely confined herself to writing of those things that have come within her own experience, as within that of most young ladies. Hers appears to have lain mostly within the compass of the life of country-house (not of the grand type), of rectory and rural village, with the usual picnics, school treats, and village concerts, extended by a brief trip to London, and a visit to the opera to hear *Lohengrin*; and, though she probably "does not speak Swedish" herself, she seems to have "known some one who had been to Norway." The writing is free from any grave blemishes; but *ossia* is not the plural of *os*, though doctors so universally make false quantities in Latin (and Greek, too, when they get an opportunity) that there is no reason why they should not make false declensions also; and "thanks many" and "thanks awfully" are certainly open to objection, especially when put into the mouth of an extremely correct, not to say donnish, young man. But these are really all the little faults of the kind, and it does not do to be too exacting. So far as appears from the title-page, this is a first novel; and we see no reason why Miss Abdy-Williams should not go on writing equally wholesome and pretty tales for girls as long as she likes to do so.

Godfrey Helstone also is a pleasant and well-written book; there is scarcely a word or a phrase to be found fault with, and tone and taste are irreproachable. It is a love story, pure and simple, breathing again of the peaceful life of country vicarage and country-house. Too much of the third volume is occupied by interminable conversations that make up the subsidiary love story, which is, in fact, scarcely more than an episode. And anent this episode let us take the opportunity of making a remark of very wide application. It is a fashion in certain ranks of periodical literature to offer prizes for contributions upon a given subject or of a specified class. We would invite some enterprising editor to

* *Two Ifs*. By E. M. Abdy-Williams. 3 vols. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1884.

Godfrey Helstone. By Georgiana M. Craik. 3 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1884.

My Ducats and my Daughter. 3 vols. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1884.

Stage-Struck. By Blanche Roosevelt. 2 vols. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1884.

open a competition for a love story in which, when the lover is about to leave the house or the neighbourhood before things have had time to come quite to the point, the prolongation of his stay should be brought about by some other, *any* other, device than an accident which prevents his being moved for a month. If any reasonably good alternative be once started and followed, we undertake, for our part, not to cavil at it for triteness in, say, the first hundred and fifty books that we find it used in. By that time perhaps a third device may have been invented; ingenuity once stimulated might, not impossibly, fructify even more than once. The main story is one that has been told often enough before, but always bears telling again, if told so simply and with such right feeling as here. Godfrey Helstone has to wait for the woman, between whom and himself mutual affection had all but declared itself openly, until he is over forty, and she is very close upon it. He had been impelled by a sense of highest duty to sacrifice his own feelings, and perhaps another's, by marrying a painfully good and correspondingly uninteresting cousin. His act was heroic, or, as some would say, quixotic; for ourselves, we prefer, with the authoress, the former view. Poor Margaret had, as Godfrey said, "everything to make her attractive—except attractiveness." Of course she made him an excellent wife; and he, not equally of course, proved a faithful and kind husband, never allowing her happiness to be clouded by any suspicion of the motives which had led him to marry her. Needless to say that she leaves him a widower in early middle life, or that, after a decent interval, fate gives him again his old love—late, indeed, but not too late for much solid happiness. We can sincerely recommend both these books to readers who will take them for what they are.

In *My Ducats and My Daughter* we have an altogether latter-day novel—if we may use that expression without conveying an association with saints. In matter and manner the book is distinctly suggestive of Trollope's later style. It is evidently written by a man who knows the world, another world than that of the dwellers in country parsonages. The style is sufficiently lively to keep the reader wide awake, and even betrays a tendency to strain after epigram—not altogether, it is fair to say, without a measure of success. There are some graphic pictures of busy life; the push and bustle of a daily paper office at the time of going to press is most effectively given; so are the humours of a Scotch borough election. There are some clever sketches of familiar types—the sharp, unscrupulous man of shares and companies; the newspaper editor, keen, dogmatic, many-sided; the poetaster of the school that is called æsthetic, who strikes people at first sight as a fool trying to seem wise, but whom a shrewd observer more correctly puts down for a clever fellow affecting to be a fool; but this last type, we take it, is not a common one. The more finished characters are carefully and consistently drawn. The best in the book, the one on which the author would no doubt mostly rely for its reputation, is that of the Scotch manufacturer Mr. Ingleby. He is by no means a new creation, but he is presented to us here with a naturalness that converts a type into a personality. His is one of those single-minded but narrow and bigoted characters, in their strongest manifestations possible perhaps only in a provincial community, and undoubtedly of more frequent occurrence north of the Trent, not to say the Tweed, than south of it. Such a man understands the functions of his own conscience to extend to the definition of right and wrong, and would have his own narrow and unlovely creed give the rule of life to all the world. The author has bestowed much pains on Mr. Ingleby. Many of his most epigrammatic sayings are found in connexion with this good old man. It was in his face that was to be seen at a moment of exasperation "the lusting of the natural man after strong language, doing battle with the exigencies of creed." Of him it is said that "in the case of any of his friends such a thing would have been a Judgment. In his own case it was a Trial—for Mr. Ingleby could discriminate." There is a young lady who plays a very prominent part in the book, who was by a law of natural antipathy "anathema" to Mr. Ingleby—a bright, attractive, but not over scrupulous young person, of the world worldly. Mr. Ingleby called her a "Moabitish woman," to himself; and the phrase, it is added, "pleased him so much that it became to him a new proof of the soundness of his suspicions." There is a good deal summed up in his "dim idea that she was somehow an incarnation of the forces that make against dissenting chapels." Altogether we get considerable amusement out of Mr. Ingleby, who is a type of man still to be found, no doubt, if we go to the right places to look for him, but to the majority of us nowadays more familiar, happily, in the pages of novels than out of them. We shall not summarize the story; if not absorbingly interesting, it is so well written as to be quite worth reading. The intrigue is not subtle, and perhaps the better managed for the absence of any secondary plot, the place of which is well filled by the by-play and humours of the sketches of modern life already alluded to.

We kept *Stage-Struck* till the last because it had only two volumes to be read through instead of three; but, alas! it has proved a Dead Sea apple between our teeth. *Stage-Struck* is not a pleasant book. The greater part of it is made up of the not over-brilliant or over-refined talk of fourth-rate opera-singers and the dreary "shop" of their sordid professional existences. Nine-tenths of the book are, let us say, flimsy, and there is certainly one-tenth that is not in the best taste. The unpromising description, for instance, of the sights that meet the eyes of a young girl returning from the opera through some of the London streets might have been omitted with obvious advantage. There is a really humorous passage about an Italian *maestro*, who

has it that the voice comes, not from the throat, but from the *pancia*, and that the muscles of the legs and body all help in producing it, and who probes and punches his pupils all over as part of his "method"; it is a picture that makes a little oasis in a desert of commonplace; but it is marred at last by the broad suggestiveness of a broken sentence. Nor can we give any praise to the writing. As most of the persons (and, we believe, the writer herself) are American, we may, apart from the obvious and intentional Americanisms, make allowance for numerous peculiarities of language. But educated people, whether American or English, do not often write such sentences as the following:—"The worst cold Nilsson ever caught was through sitting with her back to a key-hole; as a child, that key-hole would have made no difference; but it was most ruinous to Nilsson the artist." Of the general literary merit of the book some estimate may be formed from the remark, attributed as perfectly original to one of "two old schoolmates" of the speaker:—"The difference between you and me, Bill," said one to the other, "is this: I am a fool, and know it. You are a fool, and don't know it." After that, our readers will probably be grateful to us if we refrain from further quotation. *Stage-Struck* is written, as the preface tells us, with the object of warning American girls against the illusions of an operatic career. According to the writer the United States are overrun by a tribe of singing-masters, who make a good thing of visiting out-of-the-way towns and villages and persuading the young men and maidens who lift up their voices in the local "Little Bethels" that they are born to be operatic stars; and, no doubt, they and their friends need only too little persuasion. Then a purse is made, and the phenomenal singers go by "ship-loads" to Europe for lessons. The book before us tells them what fate awaits them there. The story opens in a township "out west"; and the first few chapters are so good, the American traits of life, language, and manners are so well done, that the disappointment is the greater when we find the rest of the book to be such as it is. The heroine is first brought to London, where she boards with a family, half-bourgeoise, half-Bohemian, but wholly vulgar, in Salisbury Street, Strand. Here she incontinentally falls in love with the first good-for-nothing loafer she meets, a bad beginning, which, sadly enough for her, is the beginning of the end. Thence we move on to Paris and Milan. The struggles, the disappointments, the sordid lives of operatic students, the temptations and dangers in the path of girls, the meanness and trickery of agents, the blackmailing by *claqueurs* and the hangers-on of theatrical papers—all these may be, and we fear are, only too truthfully portrayed, and their recapitulation should be enough to disenchant the most enthusiastic choir-girls in the chapels of all the Deacon Harts in America. As we have said, this is the object of the book, and we hope it may be attained. But it is to be remarked that the sad end of the heroine is attributable only indirectly, if at all, to her musical aspirations. Indeed, the lesson of her professional career is altogether encouraging; rather too much so, in fact; for we find this unknown American girl, after a year or two of desultory training, a *prima donna* in Italian opera in London. It is true her story gives the occasion to the writer to throw some strong side-lights on the general prospects of English and American aspirants to operatic honours. But the story of Annabella Almont, the truth of which is solemnly vouched for in the preface, seems but ill chosen, seeing that the moral it points is not the moral of the book, while to the moral of the book the story affords an *instantia negativa*.

KALILAH-WA-DIMNAH.*

IN the history of literature there is assuredly no chapter more wonderful than that which records the migration of the Indian fables. We are not referring here to those myths and legends of the Aryan tribes, the common property of most of their descendants, and to be traced in the folk-lore of the nations of both Europe and Asia; we are dealing at present with matters of history. We would recall to our readers the voyages of an actual book, the fables of the sage Bidpay, brought in the first place from India to Persia, and from Persia to Baghdad, thence to be disseminated in translations among all the nations with whom the Arabs, directly or indirectly, came to have commercial intercourse. The extraordinary vitality of the work in question is only equalled by its marvellous diffusion. The story is too well known to need more than the barest recapitulation. A Persian convert to Muhammadanism, in the days of Harûn-ar-Rashid's grandfather, translates Indian fables out of Pehlevi into Arabic, and the book retranslated into the various vernaculars immediately becomes popular among the Persians, the Turks, and the Hindus. Through Spain it penetrates into mediæval Europe in the garb of Spanish and Latin translations; translated into Hebrew, it is carried by the Jews into the Ghettos of Christendom; the Greeks of Constantinople introduce it from the East to the Italians, who had already heard of it from their Romance neighbours on the West; the Germans receive it at once from the Jews and from the Italians; and, in short, during the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries no book was in greater request than these translations and translations of translations of an Arabic version of the Indian fables of Bidpay.

* *The Book of Kalilah and Dimnah*. Translated from Arabic into Syriac. Edited by W. Wright, LL.D. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1884.

It will be noted that the amazing circulation which the work obtained was in no indirect manner due to the commercial enterprise of the Arabs, whose caravans and fleets had brought Chinese silks to Frankish cities, and made Baghdad the mart of the world. But the book which, the Bible excepted, was the most widely disseminated of any work during the Middle Ages, was the direct descendant in translation of the Arabic version made by Ibn-al-Mukaffa shortly before A.D. 760. Its Pehlevi progenitor had been unfortunately irretrievably lost, along with the rest of the old Persian literature destroyed by the Arabs, and hence the link seemed gone for ever between the Arab translation and the Indian prototype, of which but a mangled edition existed in Sanskrit under the title of the Panchatantra, or "Five Books." Such was the state of affairs when S. de Sacy in 1816 first published his edition of Ibn-al-Mukaffa's Arabic version, and so matters remained till 1871, when the learned world was set in a flutter by the announcement that an independent Syriac version, more ancient than the Arabic, had been discovered in the Library of the Chaldean monastery at Mardin in Mesopotamia. This ancient Syriac version, for such it proved to be, was subsequently published by Dr. Bickell in Germany, and thus, with the Arabic and the comparatively speaking modern-Sanskrit version, we have now three editions, so to speak, of the Indian fables, all made prior to the eighth century A.D., but of which the Arabic alone is responsible for the innumerable offspring found scattered over Europe and Asia, the other two editions having remained *s. p.*

On the shelves of the library in Trinity College, Dublin, Dr. Wright has lately had the good fortune to discover a second Syriac version of these Indian fables. This, however, is not a recension of the ancient-Syriac version above mentioned as having been found at Mardin, but a fresh translation from the Arabic made by a Syrian priest somewhere about the tenth or eleventh century A.D. The MS. itself in its oldest part, according to Dr. Wright, dates from the latter part of the thirteenth century. The old Syriac version which had been made in the sixth century of our era, after the lapse of two or three centuries, must have fallen completely out of sight and have been ultimately supplanted by Ibn-al-Mukaffa's translation, appearing as this did in the eighth century, when the Abbasides were at the height of their power, and when Arabic was the language of civilization. As regards the present version, many considerations tend to the conclusion that the anonymous author, a Christian, must have done his work somewhere about the beginning of the eleventh century. The unique MS. which has come down to us dates, as we have said, from the thirteenth century; but while, on the one hand, it is so incorrectly written that the text must already have suffered at the hands of several generations of scribes; on the other, the state of Ibn-al-Mukaffa's version, which our translator had before him, must already have been very defective through clerical errors—a fact shown by the numerous blunders which occur in the Syriac translation. Again, in the tenth and eleventh centuries the state of the Syrian Church was such as fully to warrant the deplorable picture of his contemporaries which the Christian priest has given us in some of the latter pages of his book; and his words are sufficiently striking to warrant our quoting some few lines from the translation as given by Dr. Wright in his preface:—

O, my honoured brethren . . . the world is running backward in this hard time of ours and this evil and exasperating generation to which we belong. . . . Charity . . . is utterly taken away from the world, above all from the priests and the candidates for the priesthood, and is laid in the dust of the earth. . . . Pitilessness and evil-mindedness and love of money, and the amassers of evil hoards give orders and are obeyed. . . . His income suffices for no one, and his soul is eager to seize the property of others. . . . The ruler chooses the wicked and takes pleasure in evil counsellors. . . . In short the whole mass of mankind, but especially the children of the Church, have dismissed the recollection of the end from before their eyes and have cast the fear of the Judge and of His keen vengeance behind their backs.

Similar passages of denunciation are found scattered through the work, supported by numerous quotations from the Bible, all of which are, naturally, adornments added of this pessimist priest, being wanting in his Arabic original, and inserted probably with a view of rendering his book more conducive to the edification of the Christians of Mesopotamia, in whose behalf his labours had been undertaken.

The Syriac version, in its present form, differs but little, even in the order in which the fables are arranged, from that of the Arabic text as given by S. de Sacy. In the proper names of the personages and animals in the various tales, however, we find that the Syriac has wrought many surprising changes. Dr. Wright has devoted some pages to elucidating this somewhat intricate subject, and, wherever possible, has traced back these strangely transformed names through the Arabic and the ancient Syriac versions, indicating their original forms whenever these have been preserved in the Sanskrit Panchatantra. Of the Arabic version we have long possessed the English translation by Knatchbull; of the Sanskrit and ancient Syriac editions their respective editors have given us translations in German; and with impatience, therefore, do we await the promised English translation of the work that lies before us, since Syriac is but crabbed reading to most scholars even at the best of times, and the book deserves a larger circulation than it is likely to gain through that very select reading public who are able to appreciate its charm under the garb in which it now reaches us.

SOME GUIDE-BOOKS.

IN the spring the young man's fancy does not more lightly turn to thoughts of love than in the summer the fancies of the publisher turn to thoughts of new editions of guide-books. We have about a score of volumes of different sizes and shapes before us, and it is only fair to say that, on the whole, they show a decided growth of intelligence on the part of writers and (the two things being intimately connected) of users of guide-books. The really satisfactory guide-book is indeed still rare, for exactly the same reason as the really satisfactorily governed kingdom is rare. When guide-book writers are all accomplished men of letters, possessed, as accomplished men of letters are not always, of common sense and knowledge to match, we shall have the really satisfactory guide-book. Meanwhile, we have in the guide-books before us some evidence that travellers are beginning to know what they want, and publishers to consent to give them what is wanted. That is always something.

Messrs. Ward and Baddeley's handbook to *South Devon and South Cornwall* handles some of the most beautiful country in England (let us speak what we think and say in the world) in the practical fashion which has already distinguished the series to which it belongs, and without the somewhat exuberant style which distinguished some of the earlier members of that series. Dartmoor, the most important and difficult part of the subject, is on the whole well treated, though its scenery has scant justice done to it. But we must put in a word of caution as to Messrs. Ward and Baddeley's remark, that "if a fog comes on"—they appear to be speaking of Yestor more particularly—"the tourist has only to remember to descend till he comes to running water." It is perfectly true that when he gets to running water he gets to a good guide. But there is at least one slope of Yestor which, if a man descends in a fog, he has an extremely good chance of breaking his leg, and staying in that condition till somebody finds him. For, as on other tops, there is a great patch of stones neatly arranged with interstices about thigh deep, and full of heather and brushwood, which interstices in a fog will accomplish the above result for a man as surely as the very best "Dorset" vermin-trap for a rabbit. This, however, is only a detail, and on the whole the authors have given a capital account of the tract from Axminster to Hugh Town.

Mr. Bradbury, in an unnecessarily grandiose phrase of his preface, says that "under the protecting ægis of this pictorial panoply the writer of the letterpress may safely take refuge." He means by this, we suppose, that Mr. Keene's illustrations to *All About Derbyshire*, a great many of which are "platinotypes" and others woodcuts from photographs, are very good. There is, so far, no denying his proposition; they are so remarkably good that we know hardly any book of the kind and class which is half so well off in this respect. But if the writer of the "letterpress" had put a little less trust in his ægis and his panoply (they are not, by the way, at all the same thing), and had taken a little more trouble to attain skill of literary fence, we personally should have been very much better pleased. The letterpress of *All About Derbyshire* is far too copious, and in style it has most of the worst voices of penny-a-lining. But Derbyshire to any one who knows it is so charming, and to any one who knows it not is so well worth knowing, that one pardons a good deal to a book about it, especially considering the ægis.

On the other hand, *Through Auvergne on Foot* agreeably disappoints the reader. From its cover, its dedication, and some initial exuberances of style, it seems but too likely to prove one of those nuisances of the book kind which induce the reader to lift up his voice and curse Mr. Clemens. But it is better than it looks, and its brief record of a walk from Clermont to Aubenas, with a parenthetic ascent of the Mezenc, is worth following despite not a few defects.

Captain Watkins's translation of Herr Helmken's "Guide to Cologne Cathedral" is intelligently and handily done, though it

* *South Devon and South Cornwall*. By C. S. Ward and M. J. B. Baddeley. London: Dulau & Co. 1884.

All about Derbyshire. By E. Bradbury. Derby: Keene. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. 1884.

Through Auvergne on Foot. By E. Barker. London: Griffith & Farran. 1884.

The Cathedral of Cologne. Translated by J. W. Watkins, late Captain, R.A. From the German of F. T. Helmken. Cologne: Boisseree. 1884.

The "J. E. M." Guide to *Davos-Platz*. By J. E. Muddock. Third Edition. The "J. E. M." Guide to *Switzerland*. By J. E. Muddock. Fourth Edition. London: Wyman. 1884.

The Alpine Winter Cure. By A. T. Tucker Wise, M.D. London: Baillière, Tindall, & Cox. 1884.

Holiday Haunts. By B. H. Becker. London: Remington. 1884.

Official Guide to the Great Western Railway. London: Cassell & Co., Limited. 1884.

The Tourist's Pocket Book. By G. F. Chambers. London: Stanford. 1884.

Illustrated Europe. By Various Authors. Nos. 34-50. London: C. Smith & Son. Zurich: Füssli. 1884.

The Guide to Nice. By James Nash. London: Kerby & Endean. 1884.

Tourist's Handbook to Switzerland. By R. Allbutt. London: Nelson & Co. 1884.

Behind the Scenes in Norway. By a Special Correspondent. Glasgow: Bryce & Sons. 1884.

Letters from the Highlands. Reprinted from the "Times." London: Blackwood. 1884.

contains some general statements of a doubtful character. For instance, that perpendicular or third-pointed architecture "may be for convenience sake referred to the sixteenth century." If anybody likes to read "for inconvenience sake" we have no objection.

Mr. Muddock's guides might be spoken of with much approval as guides for the average man (we say the average man, for they neglect history and literature, the two great side attractions of travel for choicer spirits, to a rather undue extent) save for the puerile folly which makes their author call them the "J. E. M." guides (J. E. M. spells "Gem," you see, after a fashion) and his irritating statements that such and such a bookseller in the different cities he mentions keeps these masterpieces of topography and punning. Mr. Muddock, indeed, is not the first to adopt this latter practice, which has always struck us as a very remarkable combined instance of human weakness for advertising itself and of human want of intelligence. For he who has, lucky man, a J. E. M. guide, does not want to be told where to get one, and he who has not will not see the advertisement. If Mr. Muddock could get his rivals to insert the statement there would be some point in it. His Guides, however, have considerable merit, being full of practical spirit and common sense, and well furnished with appliances of maps, plans, and so forth. When Mr. Muddock says that an economical pedestrian may calculate on spending from twelve to fourteen francs a day, and a man who goes to the best hotels, hires carriages, &c., at least forty, he breaks through an absurd tradition of under-statement which has caused annoyance to thousands of travellers. Of course you may travel for much less than this estimate on either scale; but only with an amount of pinching and scheming which to some people, at any rate, makes travelling a misery. We have ourselves, in purse-proud England, slept in an excellent bed for one shilling, and eaten a copious and capital breakfast at the price of another, and that without any bargaining at all. But we certainly should not put down in a guide that the average price of bed and breakfast in England is two shillings. Many writers of foreign guide-books say things quite as absurd as this would be.

Dr. Wise's *Alpine Winter Cure* is, as may be supposed, rather a medical handbook than a guide, though as a guide of a special kind it is worth mentioning. It deals specifically with the chief Alpine winter resorts, Davos, St. Moritz, &c., and gives details of each, with some sound hints as to the general "cure" and its conditions.

Mr. Bernard Becker's book is not exactly a guide-book, but at this season of the year it is not unlikely to serve as such. It consists of republished articles from newspapers (chiefly the *Daily News* and *All the Year Round*) on various watering-places abroad and at home, from Scheveningen to Monte Carlo, and from Scarborough to Hastings. Mr. Becker's style is not free from some of the popular vices of mannerism, over-picturesqueness, and the like which have of late been conspicuous in newspaper articles of the miscellaneous kind. But he has taken the disease in a mild and harmless form, and he might fairly argue that he who writes to please must take people's faculty of being pleased as he finds it. There is no doubt that the allusive and knowing style, now jaunty, now slightly gushing, hits the taste of a great many readers nowadays, and if those who aim at that taste never deviated further than Mr. Becker from the stern and chaste outlines of Attic grace, there would be very little fault to be found with them by anybody but a very determined fault-finder.

The official guides of railways, in England at least, have never been models of literary excellence, nor have they, to speak the honest truth, usually been conspicuous for very abundant or conveniently put information on the points which the traveller wants most to know—the way to get from the railway station to the Cathedral without constantly inquiring at bakers' shops, the best hotel, the things worth seeing, and their mutual relation in turnings to the right and to the left, &c. But since we knew them first they have become more definite and more handy, and Messrs. Cassell's Official Guide to the Great Western is a fair specimen of the change. It is copiously illustrated; but we own that in this, and in all other guides except a very few, we would give the whole of the illustrations for a few accurate maps and a good street plan of every town of importance.

The *Tourist's Pocket-Book* really contains a vast amount of at least possibly useful information. It tells the inquiring mind what a confectioner's shop is in Hindustani, and how to talk railway talk in modern Greek, and what equipment is useful (by the way, a pedometer, which this and most other guides recommend, is, as Mr. Barker, of *Through Auvergne*, justly states, "a useless burden"), and how to get a dozen different prescriptions made up, and so forth. To quarrel with a useful little tract like this because one thing is omitted or another of dubious value inserted would be absurd. It must have given its compiler much trouble to get so much information together, and his trouble has been usefully and intelligently spent.

The translated Fussli-Smith Guides, of which we have several numbers before us, are well illustrated, and suitable enough for those who like handbooks divided into small manageable pamphlets, and dealing with their subject rather in the form of a conference and the manner of the gifted being who follows panoramas with a long pointing-wand than of an ordinary guide-book. The parts in question deal with the Brenner, with Coire and its neighbourhood, with the Pusterthal, with the Semmering railway, with Battaglia, with Neufchatel, and with the Burgenstock.

Mr. Nash's *Guide to Nice* is of a different and much older-fashioned kind as compared with almost any of the books we have as yet noticed. It is, in fact, rather a popular history of Nice than anything else, and as Mr. Nash is Principal of the Anglo-American College at Nice, we fear he must have given himself a great deal of trouble to make it popular. For instance, did the original colonists name Nice "*Nike*, Victory"? We have certainly been accustomed to think that they called it *Nicea*, or, as popular scholarship of the present day would probably spell it, *Nikaia*. Why, again, does Mr. Nash, writing in English, call Charles of Durazzo Charles de Duras? We can ask this question, but we cannot answer it. More wondrous still is the statement that "foreign princes learnt their [the Provençals'] language and sought alliance with their reigning families. Richard Cœur de Lion might be called himself a troubadour. He knew Provençal, and wrote poems in that tongue." Undoubtedly he did, but, though of course the pupils of the Anglo-American College, Nice, know better, it is to be feared that some readers will go away with the notion that the son of Eleanor of Guienne and the sovereign of whole provinces where nothing but Provençal was spoken was a "foreign prince" and "knew" the *Langue d'Oc* as Masters Smith and Jones know Latin or German. The guide portion proper of the book is scanty and of no great merit.

The author of the *Tourist's Handbook to Switzerland* quite honestly states that he is connected with one of the great tourist agencies; but he claims complete impartiality in his recommendations, and the claim is very well justified by his book. It is very fairly furnished with maps and other appliances, carefully indexed, and well divided into routes. But the author has attempted rather too much in the space, and has unnecessarily cramped himself yet further by devoting many pages to notices of the routes to Switzerland and the towns on the way. Nevertheless he has done very fairly, and it deserves to be mentioned that his guide is all in legible print, without the microscopic passages which no doubt save a great deal of room, but which are no small trial to the eyes by the dubious light of a hotel candle, or in the joggling movement of a train or carriage.

The last book but one on our list—like Mr. Becker's, but in a different way—is not exactly a guide. The author seems to have been sent by a Glasgow newspaper to report on the recent constitutional crisis in Norway, and he had introductions to not a few Norwegian journalists. Besides giving an account of the fractiousness of the Norwegian Radicals, and of the ingenious arrangement by which delegates of an elected party majority act as judges in political trials, he has given a good many notes on things Norwegian, written not without merit, and showing a good deal of shrewd observation. The main fault of the book (not a very serious one) is that the writer, having originally written with a special purpose, and for a special public, has kept rather too many references to Scotch affairs of no very world-wide interest or importance.

We have purposely postponed noticing the reprint of certain letters on the Highlands from the *Times* which originally appeared last autumn, and were republished a few months ago in order that they might be recommended to a public more curious about Scotch matters than most Englishmen are between October and July. Any one on his way to the Highlands cannot do better than read this little book, which, without pretending to be either a regular guide or a political handbook, supplies some valuable and fully trustworthy accounts of Highland estates, their history and their circumstances. At the present time this accuracy is very important, for it may be said roundly, and without hesitation, that almost all the advocates of "the crofters" deal in—it would not be polite to say falsehood, but—truth so garbled and looked at from such peculiar angles as to have something nearer than a Highland cousinship to falsehood itself.

PROFESSOR STOKES ON LIGHT.*

A HUNDRED years ago a certain merchant in Aberdeen left the greater part of his property to charitable and pious uses, and, among other things, like the Earl of Bridgwater, devoted a portion of it to the establishment of prizes for essays on Natural and Revealed Theology. The fund was to be distributed once every forty years; but recently a fresh scheme has been ordained for the execution of the testator's objects, and a lecturer is now to be appointed, at intervals of five years, to hold office and deliver lectures for three years at Aberdeen. Under the new regulations the subjects of the discourses are to be History, Archaeology, Physical and Natural Science. The trustees could not have made a better choice than that of Professor Stokes to be the first lecturer, nor could a better subject have been selected for illustration by him than that of Light, to which his course of three years' lectures is to be dedicated. The four discourses delivered in 1883 explain the nature of light as now accepted upon the undulatory theory; the next course is to be given on the scientific researches in which light has been employed as a means of investigation; and the third will be assigned to light considered in relation to its beneficial effects, and to this will more properly belong the introduction of the evidences of providential design in the more immediate fulfilment of the intentions of the founder of the trust.

* *Burnett Lectures—On Light.* First Course. By Professor G. G. Stokes, F.R.S.

The plan adopted by Professor Stokes in endeavouring to explain one of the most difficult departments of physical science without mathematics or diagrams recalls to memory the somewhat similar design carried out many years ago by the late Astronomer-Royal in his treatise on Gravitation. But the present attempt is from its nature a far more arduous one; and, without some knowledge of the composition of the audiences to whom the lectures were originally addressed, or of their effect on those previously unacquainted with the matter who may have heard or read them, it would not be fair to pronounce an opinion upon the extent to which they may succeed in effecting their purpose. It can only, in the absence of such knowledge, be said that all that is possible has been done, under the prescribed conditions, to make a very complex branch of science intelligible to those who will take the pains to acquire the information which has been set before them in a manner so complete and masterly. A department of physics, which, however abstruse it may be, admits of the most lovely illustrations and experiments in the lecture-room, is deprived of all such attractions when treated as it has been in the present discourses; and a very sustained effort of attention must be required to follow them even with all the advantages of the Professor's high qualifications, and of all his experience as a teacher. Acquaintance is assumed to exist with such words as "heliocentric position," "co-efficients of excursion and vibration," and "isotropic solids," together with the usual terms of trigonometry. The further knowledge presumed is that of optics as it stood after the discoveries of Newton; the science of Physical Optics, embracing the theory of undulations, together with the phenomena of interference, double refraction, and polarization, is that which is to be imparted. Professor Stokes remarks that some acquaintance with these subjects will make the lectures much more easy to follow, and to this it is necessary to add the further observation that without some such acquaintance there are passages in which it seems almost impossible for the most lucid and accurate verbal descriptions to enable an entirely ignorant reader to follow what is intended to be explained. Something more, perhaps, may have been attempted than can be expected to command success, except in instances of considerable intelligence and application on the part of the student. It is, however, most certainly true that the book deserves all the study that can be given to it, and that it will amply repay it by the results to be gained, in acquiring a knowledge of one of the most beautiful and important regions of Physics, in a way and with a comparative ease which has never before been rendered possible. It is equally certain that no apology is needed to those already more or less acquainted with the subject for the details into which Professor Stokes has found it desirable to enter, and by them these lectures cannot fail to be appreciated and read with all the interest which they deserve. The evidences in favour of the ether-wave theory, and its success in explaining the most complicated phenomena, under the most crucial tests, are admirably set forth. The history of its announcement by Huygens, of its long period of hibernation, of its restoration to life by Young, Fresnel, Malus, and other distinguished Frenchmen, and of the most recent labours in confirmation of the now established belief, are all well given. In describing phenomena which make the severest demands upon language to render them intelligible, without the assistance of visible illustrations or symbols, all has been done which could have been achieved by the use of words alone; and much congratulation is due upon the mode in which has been executed an extremely difficult task.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN TROUT.*

WHAT with over-preserving and overcrowding, between waters on which only millionaires and their friends may cast angle and waters where the miner and weaver ply their nets and poisons, England has become unfit for the home of a contemplative man. Christopher North did not die too soon. The old days, the good old days, were ending as he drifted away, arranging with his feeble fingers the flies which he was to throw no more, and dreaming of his old sport, like a child, in "the pleasant land of counterpane." Two fishing-books lie before us, one by Mr. Cutcliffe, dealing with sport in the rapid streams of Devon; the other a miscellany by American anglers, by fortunate men not ignorant of their own good fortune. In spite of lead and "fire-new howling wildernesses," of houses springing up in the wastes, the American lakes and rivers are still almost as full of fish as they were before Columbus landed, before an artificial fly had ever touched the surface of Lake Superior. The Americans all write well, or almost all; and their compilations simply make us "mad," as they say. Why is there so much good fishing, and why is it hopelessly out of our reach. The late Mr. Stoddart wrote an optimistic poem in which he looked forward to an eternity of fishing in the next world. Alas, one can scarcely share his belief. The years go by and see more streams polluted or shut against us, as the lairds are shutting the Scotch streams, not perhaps very wisely. Mr. Cutcliffe wants to see still more streams closed against the public:—

Oh! that the gentlemen of North Devon would amalgamate in heart and action, and determine to preserve the trout they as Devonians ought

most justly to be proud of, not limiting their field of operations to some few miles of water, but fencing their main and tributary streams, the nursery and the field, from all intrusion of poachers, or those who would in any unsportsmanlike manner destroy a trout—truly their reward would be great.

What we need is not the exclusion of the public, but some means of protecting the fair angler from the devices of poison and the net. An attempt to help the fair fisher and discomfit the Hawick weaver has been made by the lairds in Scotland. They suggest that Angling Associations should be formed, with a yearly subscription of half-a-crown, that only members should be allowed to fish, and that the half-crowns should become a fund to pay watchers and a river police. By this means every fair angler for thirty pence per annum will enjoy sport which is now impossible. But the local Radicals detect in this scheme a device of territorial Toryism, and publish indignant letters in the Liberal press. As a matter of fact, unfair poachers must be excluded, or the artisans and middle classes will have no sport at all. But probably Radicals sympathize more with the nets and poisons of the rowdy than with the honest sport of the working-man in summer evenings and Saturday afternoons. Apart from his views about preserving—which, after all, may be less exclusive than we have fancied—Mr. Cutcliffe's book is a useful, though not well written, little manual. He understands the trout of rapid streams, and shows how they should be caught, not only with fly, but with minnow, worm, and, we regret to say, the maggot. Every angler of any experience knows that trout believe in private property, and, when they grow big enough, secure, each for himself, a favourite retreat where no invader is admitted. Mr. Cutcliffe writes:—

These strongholds and favourite spots of trout are retained by them for a long time, as they seem fond of old haunts and do not readily forsake them, very seldom, I believe, excepting in particular migrating times. I have known a trout of peculiar appearance remain behind a certain stone for several months, his identity I could be sure of, and at different times I have made him show out, till at last I have succeeded in his destruction; no smaller fish dared, and no larger one cared, to turn this fellow out, and so he held his own retreat, which after his removal was speedily occupied by another.

Old John Younger, the poet, angler, and cobbler of St. Boswell's, mentions that his son caught, on three successive evenings, three trout from under the same root, each trout being rather smaller than the previous occupant. By the way, the friendships of trout are a curious topic for the contemplative philosopher. After whipping a loch or stream in vain for long, you suddenly catch a trout, and the odds are that, almost in the next cast, you raise his mate. This is observed in America no less than at home. But there may be no more affection in the matter than in the law by which, when one wicket in a long stand has fallen, the companion wicket immediately afterwards falls. This occurred three or four times this week in the extraordinary match between Gentlemen and Players. To return to Mr. Cutcliffe. He is indeed an all-round fisher, who does not disdain even to bait his hook with a beetle! The following dithyramb on worms will give an idea of his poetic and earnest manner:—

I could not consider any man a perfect disciple of our art if he were not a good worm fisherman; he may be good with the artificial fly, natural fly, beetle, or minnow, but if he is not far advanced in the art of worm-fishing, I hold that man to be very limited in his education, and I would recommend him earnestly to pay attention, without further delay, to the subject; and when he begins to master the art, he will indeed rejoice that so rich, so pleasing, and animated a branch has been opened up to him, from which he will reap many fruits of pleasure.

Majora canamus. Everything is big on the American continent, but the trout are bigger than anything. In the collection of essays called *Fishing with the Fly* we have studies of American streams, from Alaska to Florida, and of the fishes therein, from grayling to the gigantic dwellers in "the Big Sea Water." We can readily believe that one of them swallowed Hiawatha, even as the sea-beast swallowed Hercules. Alaska has myriads of salmon, which come driving in at a given season in vast shoals. The Indians watch for these, as the *θυνοσκοπός* in Sicily sat on the heights and looked out for the coming of the tunnies. But the fish of Alaska are boorish creatures, with a fatal defect in their education. When the Scotch admiral heard that the Yankees had bought Alaska, he said, "Let them have it, the d—d salmon won't rise to a fly." And they won't. They perish ingloriously, seduced by miserable bait. They also suffer horribly from disease, and, as there is no river pollution in Alaska yet, we may suppose that the disease is either the result of overcrowding or the well-deserved punishment of neglect of the fly. People interested in our own salmon disease should read Captain Beardslee's account of the Alaska pestilence. By the way, if overcrowding cause disease in salmon, why are parr protected by law? These impudent little wretches are the scourge of the fly-fisher. In the strongest water, where you expect a good fish, the parr "comes and spoils the fun." Trout never take when parr are nibbling and fretting at the flies. Yet the capture of parr is a legal offence. If they turn into salmon, then, as the streams are overstocked with salmon, let a civic crown be given to the man who thins the frivolous and vexatious parr. If they live, they only add to the overcrowding. If parr don't become salmon, then there is no reason at all for sparing them. They merely vex the trout fisher, who has to be constantly taking them off the hook, and returning them to the abyss. If "the country" cares for anything but what the Caucus howls for, the question of parr should be reconsidered by the Legislature. But enough of these miseries. They trouble not the American fisher. Wherever he goes (except, perhaps, when his name is Mr. Charles Dudley

* *The Art of Trout Fishing on Rapid Streams.* By H. C. Cutcliffe, F.R.C.S. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1884.
Fishing with the Fly: Sketches by Lovers of the Art. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1884.

Warner, and he goes to the Adirondacks) big fish arise, and he calls them blessed. For example, Mr. Fitch gets up at five, and, in a few casts, takes three trout weighing over three pounds for breakfast. Then he hacks his way with a hatchet through a laurel thicket to reach the pool he fancies, and, on his first cast, is fast in a fish that takes him twenty minutes to land. Beginning regularly at 10 A.M., and leaving off at 4 P.M., he and his friend get forty fish weighing fifty-eight pounds. We have come near this among sea-trout in Argyllshire; so, after all, as far as sea-trout go, perhaps the old country is not so very backward after all. A sea-trout over three pounds is not so rare in this island as where Mr. Fitch angles; but, then, sea-trout are well preserved in most waters, and Mr. Fitch was fishing, apparently, in streams open to all men armed with hatchets. "Devils," like the white india-rubber piping with which one spins for lythe on the West coast, are used to catch sea-trout in America, but Mr. Fitch justly regards "devils" as an unsportsmanlike device. Turning to Rangeley Brook trout, one can only match them by Thames trout, whereof an angler writes pleasantly in this month's *Bailey*. But he caught his trout (on the Derby day) with live bait, and on the whole we would rather go troutless. The Rangeley Brook fish, on the other hand, take the fly. Mr. Williamson was occupied two hours and twenty minutes in landing an eight-pound trout which sulked! Probably he was using much too light a rod. Few things are more tedious than hooking a salmon or large sea-trout on a small trout-rod. *Nous gaspillons un temps précieux*, the angler is inclined to say, with the old gambler in Gaboriau, when he is fast in a fish that nothing can stir, with a rod on which he dares put no strain. We think that the trout of Branholme Loch might vie in size with those of Rangeley Brook, but then they only rise to fly once in a century or so. Professor Agassiz fancies that the Rangeley monsters over five pounds may be two hundred years old! Does Professor Agassiz believe in the salmon of Llyn Llyw, out of whose back fifty fish-spears were taken by the aged eagle of the *Mabinogion*? He also was an uncommonly elderly fish.

Perhaps the best fishing of all is that which Mr. W. Thomson had on St. Ignace Island, in Lake Superior. There he camped in the pine woods untroubled by mosquitoes. There he trailed a wicker basket behind his canoe, in which he put his trout as he caught them. There his first take was of two trout, about two pounds each, one on each fly. There in an hour or two he had "fifteen beauties, some running close upon three pounds." There Jim, the black cook boy, rigged up a raft, and caught a twenty-pound salmon-trout with bait. As Mr. Thomson's companions proved, bait (grasshoppers, for example) took the biggest trout; but three pounds each with the artificial fly is good enough for us. Only speckled trout rose to the fly, bigger ones, of other varieties (they reach seventy pounds), were deluded by bait. Mr. Thomson caught one sixteen-pounder, which seized a yellow trout he was playing. As the party had not a big enough landing-net, one of them shot the large fish with a rifle. The company brought home more than three hundred pounds' weight of trout packed in ice. Twenty-five days' absence and camping out cost each member of the party under 10s. Life in America is worth living. Whether it is worth living in a country where, if you take three weeks' holiday, you always find the streams dried up, is a question for the ethical philosopher. In Florida fishing is just as good as on Lake Superior. What it is like on the Otter would take too long to tell, and every angler should read "Nessumuk's" "Meeting them on the June rise." It is a very humorous and extraordinary narrative. In short, *Fishing with the Fly* is the most pleasant (though provoking) work on angling we have read since Mr. Henderson's autobiography. The trout flies in the chromatic illustrations are a little too gaudy for a Northern taste, accustomed to "mouse body and laverock wing."

THE LIFE OF THE FIELDS.*

MR. JEFFERIES presents us with another of those books which he seems able to produce at will, and of which we can never tire so long as he does not repeat himself. Up to the present there has been, so far as we can remember, no repetition, and there is as yet no sign of fatigue or of exhaustion. The minute and careful observer who produced *The Gamekeeper at Home* is as full of information in this, his latest, as in his earliest book. Readers will recognize a good many of the twenty-three articles in the volume as old friends. The "Pageant of Summer," for instance, came out in *Longman*. The tragic and gloomy story, all the more tragic for its truth, called "The Field Play," appeared in *Time*; other papers first saw the light in the *Graphic*, the *St. James's Gazette*, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and the *Standard*. They are not the less welcome in their collected form. It is with such papers as these as with novels; so far from their volume-form being injured by previous appearance in journals or magazines, it is greatly increased; and the wider the circulation of the magazine in which a paper has first appeared, the better it is for the volume with which it is afterwards bound up.

Among all the varied papers in this book the freshest, the most suggestive, and the most interesting at the present moment is that which deals with country literature. Four hundred years, Mr. Jefferies reminds us, have passed away since Caxton sent out

his first printed book. Yet country people have only now just begun to read. It is almost incredible, yet we know that it is true. Twelve generations, one after the other, have presented the same impenetrable front of indifference to the printing press. There has been no official or ecclesiastical attempt to keep books out of the hands of people; quite the contrary, in fact. But the country folk would not read; they had no prejudice against reading; they admire and respect learning; but they did not want to read. There has been among them, until quite recently, no place in the appropriation of the golden hours for books or reading of any kind; it was not lack of intelligence; it was simple indifference. And now suddenly, without any apparent reason, all is changed. The cottagers have begun to read—Mr. Jefferies is our authority—they read with avidity; they read everything, down to the very scraps and torn newspaper fragments used by the grocer to wrap their weekly purchases. As for the London papers, they go down to the country in great numbers; not to the cottagers, certainly, but to the great houses, whence they find their way into the village and to the taverns; girls in town service send papers home to their parents; lads in America and Australia send papers; those from the States are great favourites on account of their amusing columns; the cottages are decorated with pictures from the *Illustrated London News* or the *Graphic*; and the local press has trebled of late years in circulation and in importance. As for the books within the reach of the cottage, there is the pedlar. Few village shopkeepers have yet arrived at a perception of the demand for books; it is the pedlar who brings round his assortment of stories, adventures, disasters, and religious books at prices from a penny to sixpence. In point of fact, the villager has at last awakened, and demands to be instructed and amused. It is greatly to be hoped that both instruction and amusement will fall into the right hands. Meantime, if Mr. Jefferies is a trustworthy authority, no time is to be lost. And, in providing for the wants of this vast body of new and enthusiastic readers, we must distinctly understand that the rustics will not be "written down to"; nor will they accept goody books, nor selected extracts warranted not to harm their morals; they will have good literature, the stronger the better; how that literature is to be obtained, and how circulated, must be read in Mr. Jefferies's paper, which contains some thoughtful and serious suggestions on this most serious subject.

More in what may be called his old and well-known style is the paper on "Mind under Water." Here will be found a most curious attempt on the part of the author to put himself in the place of a jack in a stream. He had before this been able to create an interest in the fate of a trout, and henceforward we shall regard a jack as well with new sympathy:—

Consider [he says] the conditions under which the jack exists. His limits are the brook, the ponds it feeds, and the ditches that enter it. He can only move a short distance up the stream because there is a high hatch; nor can he go far down because of a mill; if he could, the conditions would be much the same; but, as a matter of fact, the space he has at his command is not much. The running water, the green flags, the lesser fishes, the water-rats, the horses and cattle on the bank, these are about all the things he is likely to be interested in. Of the one only the water, the lesser fishes, the flags, and the bottom or sides of the brook, are actually in his touch and complete understanding. As he is unable to live out of water, the horse on the bank in whose very shadow he sometimes lies might be a mile away for aught it concerns him. Night and day he knows, the cool night and the sunbeams in which he basks; but he has no way of ascertaining the nature of anything outside the water. Centuries spent in such conditions could add but little to his experience.

Among the remaining papers attention must be called to that on "Village Miners," that on "Meadow Thoughts," on "Birds Climbing the Air," and the eloquent paper, worthy of its splendid name, which we should like to quote *in extenso*, called the "Pageant of Summer." We owe to Mr. Jefferies many delightful hours, but none more delightful than those spent in reading this dainty volume.

BREWER'S REIGN OF HENRY VIII.*

HOWEVER little known the name of Professor Brewer may be to the general public, all students of English history are aware that no writer of this generation has done more to advance the scientific study of one of its most difficult periods. He was one of those devoted workers in the field of historical research who spend their lives in facilitating the labours of others, and furnish or arrange the raw material which the popular author works up into more digestible and profitable shape. It is quite natural that the latter should be the more prominent figure in the eyes of the world; but we may be allowed a passing regret that the honour and glory, as well as the more solid rewards, should be, in general, so unevenly divided. Although Professor Brewer's attention was by no means confined to the sixteenth century, as his editions of the *Monumenta Franciscana* and other works in the Rolls Series sufficiently show, it is in the elucidation of this period that he spent the latter part of his life, and did the most signal service to the cause of history. It is not too much to say that his labours have rendered possible what was impossible a generation ago—a scientific and trustworthy account of the English Reformation, at all events in its earlier phases, and especially in its connexion with contemporary events abroad.

The work before us consists of the four different treatises which

* *The Life of the Fields*. By Richard Jefferies. London: Chatto & Windus. 1884.

* *The Reign of Henry VIII.*; from his *Accession to the Death of Wolsey*. Reviewed and illustrated from Original Documents, by the late J. S. Brewer, M.A.; edited by James Gairdner. 2 vols. London: John Murray. 1884.

were originally published as prefaces to the four volumes of *Letters and Papers of the Reign of Henry VIII.*, edited by Professor Brewer for the Master of the Rolls. They do not profess to be a complete history of the period which they cover; the general method and arrangement, if regarded from the literary point of view, leave something to be desired; the variety of treatment in different subjects, the fullness of handling which some receive, the scant attention paid to others, may at first sight appear objectionable; but there can be "but one opinion," as Mr. Gairdner says, "not only of the high value of these prefaces to the historical student, but also of their very great interest as literary compositions." Such defects as may be noticed are largely accounted for by the nature of the work in its original form. It must be remembered that it was not Professor Brewer's business to write a history of the period, but an introduction to the papers before him. His primary object, as he said himself, was to show the bearing on history of the materials which he had collected, and he accordingly gave his chief attention to the departments of the subject illustrated by these materials. There are, however, few departments which are not touched more or less by the documents in question; and, as is shown by the interesting chapter on Erasmus's Greek Testament and More's *Utopia*, Professor Brewer did not consider himself precluded from completing his view of the period by the introduction of matter not included in his collection.

The book is entitled *The Reign of Henry VIII.*, but it might fairly have been called "The Administration of Wolsey," so prominent is the figure of the great Minister during the first twenty years of Henry's reign as described in Mr. Brewer's pages. Had the work been intended as an apology for Wolsey, his cause could hardly have been more forcibly or successfully defended, although the author has done little more than allow the facts, as they stand revealed in the State Papers, to plead for his hero. Two characteristics of the man stand out very clearly in this minute examination of his life and work, the one intellectual, the other moral. The former is his extraordinary grasp of the circumstances and conditions which determined international politics during the first thirty years of the sixteenth century; the latter is his whole-hearted devotion and loyalty to the master who rewarded all his services with the basest ingratitude ever shown by a sovereign to the cast-off instrument of his power. There can be no doubt that in those gifts which constitute a statesman, in grasp of facts, insight into character, breadth of aim, clearness of view, the power of adapting means to ends, the combination of tenacity with flexibility, Wolsey was without a rival in his day. His capacity for work was all but unlimited. He was Prime Minister, Secretary at War, Lord Chancellor, Chancellor of the Exchequer, all in one. He restored order to the finances, introduced economy wherever possible, and found money for the King's amusements and his wars. He administered justice without respect of persons, and elevated the Court of Chancery to a point which it had never reached before. He created armies and fleets, and organized the commissariat for foreign war; while at the same time he held the threads of a complicated and shifting foreign policy, and raised England from the position of a third-rate to that of a first-rate Power. To domestic and religious affairs, as Professor Brewer allows, he paid but little attention; he was wrapped up in European politics, and much more intent on unravelling the tangled web of falsehood and intrigue which passed for diplomacy in the days of the Tudors than in divining the sources of popular discontent, in taking measures against the sweating sickness, or promoting the manufacture of woollen goods. On this side he was undoubtedly deficient; but internal reform was not then a necessity of existence, and would certainly have been considered superfluous and uncalled for during the greater part of his administration. When domestic reform became a burning question, and foreign affairs fell into a secondary place, Wolsey's occupation was gone; and, even had his foreign policy not brought him into collision with the King, the change of circumstances would, as Professor Brewer says, have given other men the lead. But during the earlier portion of the reign Wolsey enjoyed the predominance due to genius and untiring industry. "All despatches addressed to ambassadors abroad or at home passed through his hands; the entire political correspondence of the times was submitted to his perusal and waited for his decision. Before a single measure was submitted to the Privy Council it was shaped by Wolsey's hands; he managed it unaided and alone when it had received their approval" (i. 257). The Dukes of Suffolk and Norfolk gave way to him or retired; Ruthal, Bishop of Durham, "sang treble to the Cardinal's bass"; "all the power of the State," wrote the Venetian ambassador, Giustiniani, "is centred in him; he is, in fact, *ipse rex*"; the people at large wondered "whether it were by necromancy, witchcraft, or policy," but saw clearly enough, as Erasmus did, that "he was omnipotent." The true story of Wolsey's quarrel with Polydore Vergil is narrated at length by Professor Brewer. Wolsey's conduct towards the Papal collector and his patron, the Bishop of Wells, was thoroughly justified by the nature of Vergil's intercepted letters, which were sufficiently violent against the King and Wolsey to have cost an Englishman his head, according to the summary fashion of those days. Vergil's abject submission and flattery when he found himself in prison form a striking contrast to his secret charges against the great Minister, and, taken in connexion with the calumnies by which he revenged himself upon his enemy in the pages of his history, throw a very unpleasant light upon his character. Unfortunately for Wolsey, mud, if thrown in sufficient quantities, will stick, and

Polydore, as Professor Brewer says (i. 381), "was literally translated by Holinshed, and unsuspiciously followed by Herbert, and of course by most historians since." His narrative is, however, shown to be "little better than a tissue of misrepresentation, exaggeration, and falsehood, devised by this partial historian to gratify his hostility against the Cardinal." This is especially remarkable in the trial of Buckingham, whose death Vergil attributes to Wolsey's malice. Had there been any truth in this supposition, it is impossible to conceive that Hall, who disliked Wolsey almost as heartily as Vergil, should not have made the slightest allusion to it in his chronicle. Of the whole proceedings connected with the trial Professor Brewer gives us a full account, the more interesting from the remarks which he makes on Shakspeare's treatment of the subject. Though wrong in one or two details, Shakspeare is, as usual, substantially and in essential points correct. "It was the King himself," says Professor Brewer (i. 384), "who was most active in the prosecution of the Duke; and not active only, but, as Shakspeare describes him, fully convinced beforehand of his guilt, and resolved on his condemnation." The grounds of that condemnation seem to us, regarding them from a modern point of view, entirely insufficient, and, however true it may be that the Duke's scarce-uttered thoughts were dangerous to the country's peace, and that the nation as a whole acquiesced in or even approved his death, we cannot but regard it as the first instance in which the Tudor greed, inherited by Henry from his father, weighted the scales of justice against a prisoner. The wealth of the Duke, his castles and his lands, like those of Wolsey nine years later, like those of the monasteries later still, were counts in the indictment in view of which the King and his hungry courtiers found it impossible to keep an unbiassed mind.

Not less remarkable than Wolsey's genius for affairs is his loyalty to his sovereign, a loyalty of no cold and calculating kind, but instinct with a whole-hearted and affectionate devotion which it is almost impossible nowadays to conceive, founded on a union of personal feeling with the spirit of patriotism, which could hardly have existed except in the Tudor times. His letters to the King breathe this spirit throughout. In 1527, when Henry, as Wolsey knew, was actually thwarting his plans by sending a private envoy to Rome, he writes as follows (ii. 225):—"Were it not (beside my most bounden duty) for the ardent and reverent love that I have and bear unto your Majesty, and the increase and exaltation of your honour, there is no earthly good or promotion that should cause me to endure the travail and pains which I daily and hourly sustain, without any regard to the continuance of my life and health, which is only preserved by the assured trust of your gracious love and favour, the contrary whereof I shall never deserve." But neither this devotion, nor the memory of twenty years of labour in the King's interest, could preserve the Minister when he failed in a task in which, considering his feelings with regard to the Papacy and the Church, it was simply impossible that he should succeed. On the proceedings connected with the divorce Professor Brewer is, as might be expected, very full and interesting. Without endeavouring to decide who or what first put the matter into the King's head, he shows that from 1527, when it was first talked about publicly, if not from an earlier date, Wolsey sought to further it by all the means in his power. His opposition to Anne Boleyn and his support of a French match, if, as has been urged elsewhere, he ever strongly supported this plan, appear to have been dropped at an earlier date than is usually supposed. Unfortunately the malice of the "night-crow" and of her family, combined with the fact that Wolsey's principles would not allow him to take the easier course and throw over the Pope, proved too much even for his skill and determination. But nothing can excuse the iniquity with which his enemies plotted for his fall, and afterwards sought to bring him to the block, nor the moral baseness of the King, who put into action against his Minister the law which his own express command had set aside. Even in so well-known a subject as that of Wolsey's fall Professor Brewer has his corrections to make. "The famous expression, 'Ego rex meus,' which Hall mentions as one of the charges, is a deliberate perversion of the original." The charge was that Wolsey had used the expression "The King and I," and he was condemned, "not for putting himself before the King, but for employing the King's name in conjunction with his own" (ii. 402). Again, the story that Cromwell first made his mark by gallantly defending his late patron against a Bill of Attainder is shown to rest on a mistake. The proceedings in the House were of no real importance, and such a Bill was not introduced, the trial having already taken place in the King's Bench. For an account of what really happened we must refer our readers to Professor Brewer's pages.

Of the other great names which figure in the history of this period we have not left ourselves much space to speak, although Professor Brewer's sketches of the personal appearance and character of the principal actors are among the most interesting portions of his work. His picture of Henry VIII. at the opening of his reign is well known from other and more popular writers. A perusal of these volumes does not heighten our idea of that monarch's character even at its best, while its deterioration towards the middle of the reign comes out clearly in his dealings with Anne Boleyn and with Wolsey himself. At the same time Professor Brewer does ample justice to the royal qualities which Henry undoubtedly possessed, and which, taken together with the circumstances of the day, account in great measure for the devotion of his servants and for his general popularity. Of Francis I. and

Charles V. Professor Brewer has no very high opinion. In speaking of the latter (i. 38) he has an amusing hit at Robertson:—

If he (Charles) had one overmastering quality, it was that of gravity—a gravity that was never pierced by a single ray of passion or generous enthusiasm. . . . He was universally solemn, decorous, and insipid; indifferent to the feelings of others and never forgetful of his own. No good saying, no act of forgetfulness, no impropriety is recorded of him.

Who can wonder, therefore, that a respectable Scotch clergyman of the last age, on the look-out for a hero, should have thought that he had found one in Charles V.?

A little later there is a delightful sketch of Sir Robert Wingfield, the old diplomatist of Henry's early days:—

He had the quaintness and precision of a man of the old school, and both are visible in his conversation, his letters, and his handwriting, with a tinge of pedantry not unbecoming a man of his years. He was a little proud of himself, but more of the Wingfields; was easily hurt, but bore no malice. If there was any creature in the world that he hated, it was a Frenchman. . . . He was, in short, the most guileless, humane, upright, and valiant of all bachelor knights, as he called himself; stiff and formal, somewhat conceited and pedantic, but full of a wise, gracious, hearty, and forgiving humanity, which was not the worse because it had a smack of his peculiar failings.—i. 117.

This is a delicate and truthful bit of portraiture. If truth were not the first consideration of the historian, we might regret that Sir Thomas More loses some little credit in these pages. Nothing can diminish the lustre of his later days, or the charm of his home life and his friendship with Erasmus; but we must give up the story that, in the Parliament of 1523, he bearded the Cardinal and resisted all the terror of the King's demands for subsidies for the French war. On the contrary, it appears that More "supported the measures of the Court throughout, and entitled himself, for his services on that occasion, to the gratitude of the King and Wolsey" (i. 472), the latter of whom actually recommended him for a special grant of 100*l*. The author's account of this Parliament and of the still more famous Parliament of 1529 (ii. 465) is well worth attention. Professor Brewer was deeply impressed by the absolute nature of the power wielded by the Tudor sovereigns; and, in his concluding remarks on the origin of the Reformation, attributes nearly everything to the action of the King. He is perhaps a little inclined to underrate the importance of other agencies; but his view is certainly nearer the truth than the opinion that the Reformation was, in Henry VIII.'s day, in any real sense a national movement. It cannot but be a matter of regret that the author of this valuable work did not live to write a similar review of the second half of Henry VIII.'s reign, and to describe the policy and work of Cromwell with the same accuracy and impartiality which he has brought to bear on the life of Wolsey. We cannot conclude without calling the attention of the student of social history to the abundant information on the manners and customs of the day which is scattered up and down Professor Brewer's volumes, and to the descriptive power displayed in his account of such a brilliant spectacle as the Field of the Cloth of Gold (i. 353). The author was no mere learned Dryasdust; but with all his respect for facts and love of historical truth combined a bright and sympathetic imagination, which enabled him to present us with a vivid and interesting, as well as a trustworthy, picture of the times.

WALKS IN FLORENCE.*

THE Walks in Florence by Miss Susan and Miss Joanna Horner is a book long known and valued by visitors to and residents in that city. The last edition appeared seven years ago, and the changes which have since then taken place in Florence, and particularly in the arrangement of its art treasures, render a new one necessary. The former edition, moreover, contained nothing as to the neighbourhood of Florence, to which some hundred and fifty pages are devoted in this. The book is provided with engravings, with a copious index, and with many useful chronological and historical tables. Those who wish carefully to study Florence and its environs will find these volumes of the greatest assistance, and even those who have only a short time at their disposal for sightseeing will do well to read some parts of them beforehand. The one thing lacking in the book is that it has not a good map folded in an inside pocket of the binding. After the brief sketch of the early and legendary history of the city follows another, with a small map, on its topography from the earliest times. In the next chapter, on the Baptistery, the Miss Horners, speaking of Ghiberti's famous gates, quote with approval the criticisms, unfavourable in some respects, of Vasari and Sir Charles Eastlake upon them. "In these works," the latter writes, "the figures gradually arise from the *stiacciato* style to alto-relievo." And he blames Ghiberti for thus attempting to produce in metal the effects of perspective. That the artist has here gone beyond the legitimate province of his art there is no question; yet it is hard to see how he could have fulfilled the task set before him more effectively. The unsoundness of the method, nevertheless, has not prevented Ghiberti from producing one of the wonders of art; and if he is sometimes forced by it into absurdities, the marvel is that the absurdities are so few. A very full and satisfactory history is given of the Cathedral, including an account, which will be new to many readers, of the various façades which from time to time have been projected and partly completed. To begin with the first:—

The façade, usually attributed to Giotto, has recently been discovered to

* *Walks in Florence and its Environs*. By Susan and Joanna Horner. New edition. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1884.

have been commenced twenty years after his death, and to have been the joint composition of several artists—Neri di Fioravante, Benci Cione, Francesco Salsetti, Andrea Orcagna, Taddeo Gaddi, and Nicola Tommasi. The school of Niccolò Pisano, the reviver of art in Tuscany, was then at its lowest ebb, sufficiently evident in the remains of sculpture which once filled the niches on the façades, and which are now scattered in various parts of Florence. The design for the façade was Gothic, with columns and niches containing statues of the Madonna and Child, of saints and prophets, and even of distinguished Florentine citizens. It had only reached one-third the height of the edifice when, either from want of funds or some unexplained reason, it was abandoned.

Though a proposal was made at the close of the fifteenth century to reconstruct the façade, no practical steps were taken for this object till towards the close of the sixteenth. It was then pulled down. "A new façade was begun, but almost as soon condemned and removed." More than a century later, when Italian taste was at its worst, it was (incredible to repeat) painted over with architectural designs, which the weather in the course of time happily destroyed. When Tuscany became a part of the new Kingdom of Italy, the façade of Santa Croce, which till then had been also wanting to that church, was already in course of construction. It was resolved that the Cathedral should be without one no longer; and the work was entrusted to the Florentine architect, Signor de Fabris. The general effect cannot be judged of except by photographs of the designs; but the details, which can be examined closely from behind the scaffolding, are of great beauty. The wages of the skilled carvers—two to four francs a day—strike one as curiously scanty. The freedom which is given them to work out the figures in their own way—having nothing but a rough sketch to go by—testifies to the fact that, though the artists who send sculpture to public exhibitions in Italy seldom turn out anything satisfactory, there still exists a mass of artistic talent and feeling among the people, which only needs to be rightly directed. But in its larger and more pretentious work recent Italian sculpture generally fails, through its false ideals, most deplorably. It is impossible to pick out of the great mass of facts and criticisms contained in these volumes more than one or two on which to comment. The concluding part of the second volume, which gives an account of the chief places of interest in the neighbourhood of Florence, will be only of service to those who are able to make a longer stay in Florence than the ordinary tourist is able to do. With regard to the environs much interesting information is compressed into a small compass. These volumes are not intended as a guide-book in the ordinary sense of the term. They do not supersede Baedeker or Murray, still less Gsell-fels. The last-named admirable guide to Italy (though its six or seven volumes and its high price deter the majority of travellers from using it) is by far the best in existence. It is, moreover, written in German, and has not been translated. What the Miss Horners aim at is to give, in a reasonable compass, accurate guidance to those who wish to see the city and its neighbourhood at their leisure. After many of the chapters comes a chronological table in which the leading persons mentioned in the chapter are arranged in alphabetical order, with the dates of their birth and death. A similar list of artists, and the engraved coats-of-arms of the leading Florentine guilds and families, conclude the book. It is one that we can cordially recommend.

ENGLISH SCHOOL BOOKS.*

WHO was he? one well-dressed young man was heard to say to another as they stood the other day before Pitt's monument in the Abbey. "O! don't you see, a fellow who was once Prime Minister," said his companion, consulting the inscription, and they passed on. Now this is a fair specimen of the amount of historical knowledge possessed by the average British youth in spite of our costly machinery of education. Yet history is one of the special subjects required by the Education Act. School histories may be already reckoned by hundreds. Yet here is another on the threadbare theme. The *Junior English History* gives, it seems, a "complete survey of English history," "omitting details, and dwelling only on the most important and interesting features." We cannot compliment the author on his discernment in sifting features from details. Her marriage with Darnley and his violent death are important features in Mary Stuart's history, and to treat them as details and leave them out destroys the coherence of the whole. Then, again, to assert that Richard I. was shipwrecked on the "Austrian coast" is a detail that might have been wisely omitted; for a glance at the map of Europe in the twelfth century will show that this was as improbable as the shipwreck on the coast of Bohemia of *A Winter's Tale*. Among many odd expressions, we find that Wallace is described as a "private gentleman," and

* *Junior English History*. Edinburgh and London: W. & R. Chambers. 1884.

The Government of England. By Louise Creighton. London: Rivingtons. 1884.

Geographical Readers. Edited by Professor Meiklejohn. Six Parts. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Son.

The Infant Picture Reader. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Son.

The Shorter Globe Readers. Compiled and edited by Alexander F. Morrison. Five Parts. London: Macmillan & Co. 1884.

Reprints of English Classics. Edinburgh and London: W. & R. Chambers. 1884.

Shakespeare's Henry VIII. Edinburgh and London: W. & R. Chambers. 1884.

Elementary Science Reader. By Charles McRae, M.A. Edinburgh and London: W. & R. Chambers. 1884.

Lady Jane Grey as a "young lady of royal descent," and under Cromwell the "church form of worship was abolished." This is enough to show that the style is as feeble as the substance. *The Government of England* is a book of quite another stamp. It is a short compendium of constitutional history, accurate and concise. It is divided into sections to facilitate reference, and will no doubt be of service to students getting up the subject for examinations.

Geography is another "special subject" much taught, yet sadly little learnt. Somehow the scholars don't assimilate their knowledge. Ask a Norfolk child how many seasons there are, and he gives you the stock answer, "Four—Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter." But ask him "Which season is it now?" and his face brightens, and he briskly answers, "The shooting season." In the same county, when asked "What is the use of rivers?" the whole class replied cheerfully, "To flood the meadows." The editor of the *Geographical Readers* acts on the principle that geography, like charity, should begin at home. Widening out from the school-house and the familiar village, it is not till the fourth book that the continent of Europe comes within his range, while the more outlandish parts of the world are kept for the last of the series. The letter test is here ingeniously applied to gauge the degree of civilization to which each nation has attained. It is cheering to know that we stand first on the list. Each unit of our population has a yearly allowance of 45 letters. In France the average per head is 17, in Italy 6, in Russia it falls as low as 1½, and in Holland rises to 20. Taken as a whole, this is one of the best series of *Geographical Readers* that has come under our notice.

The Infant Picture Reader follows the old-fashioned plan of appealing to the eye and the memory alone in learning to read—a task which some wise man defined as the hardest that can be proposed to the human intellect. Now that the phonetic system is so widely known, we should hardly have thought such a book would have found a publisher.

The Shorter Globe Readers are a series of books of extracts from the best English authors, rising in difficulty from the easy lessons of Mrs. Barbauld to the masterpieces of De Quincey or Macaulay. Such books are much better than the little manuals on special subjects so much in vogue for practice in reading; for they give a wider range of language and a knowledge of style to the children, and familiarize them with the names and the works of the makers of English literature. Messrs. Chambers include Campbell's odes and Mrs. Hemans's lyrics among the English classics they reprint. *Comus* they also send us among these reprints. The text is explained by footnotes, not always very happy. Thus asphodel, a note tells us, was a "kind of lily which grew in the meadows of Elysium, the same as daffodil." But asphodel, which is neither mythical, nor pre-historic, nor peculiar to fields Elysian, still grows in many meadows of our baser world, notably on the Roman Campagna, and is very unlike the daffodil to look upon. Argosies, again, are traced back to the myth of Jason—a quite discarded derivation. Argosy is now recognized as simply Ragusa, and keeps in mind the palmy days of that Republic, when her carracks were the most richly freighted merchantmen that sailed the seas. How sadly prosy to quote the text about the "dust of the ground" to explain Campbell's "last of human mould"! Surely the poet used the word for the form of man, and not his substance.

From the same publishers we have *Henry the Eighth*, with notes to assist those who are "getting up" the play for examinations. It is preceded by hints as to the best method of reading, and supplemented by examination papers to test the efficiency of the method. Messrs. Longman's edition of *Gulliver's Travels* contains only that distinguished tourist's most popular trips—those to Lilliput and Brobdingnag. It is adapted for use as a reading-book in schools, and is supplied with notes explanatory of the words and expressions which strike modern ears as antiquated. The notes also give clues to the political references of the satire. However, they are placed at the end of the book, so that the teachers may use them or not as they think fit. This is wise; for children only take delight in the story as a fairy-tale, and dislike having the charm dispelled by any attempt to explain the satire.

The Science Reader is a very elementary attempt to give some first notions of science to children in Standard III. In sixty easy lessons it tells them something of the properties of water and air, of the plants and animals they see around them, of the food they eat and of the clothes they wear. Such knowledge is eagerly sought after by children. They like to know all about everything they see; and, as the last chapter contains some excellent advice as to the necessity of cleanliness, exercise, and warmth for the due development of mind and body, we hope the *Science Reader* may find its way into many schoolrooms. And now that the world is more than sufficiently supplied with all sorts and conditions of reading-books, we hope that some wizard may stretch forth his rod and stay the plague of school-books for a season.

CREATORS OF THE AGE OF STEEL.*

THE keynote of Mr. Jeans's book is struck in the preface, in which we hear of "men who with no birthright but their talents, and no other secret of success than 'the magic of patience,' have attained positions of world-wide renown," and of the "truth-

fulness that appears stranger than fiction" which is to be found in "the records of the past." This is bad. But the way in which we are peppered throughout the volume with odd scraps and snippets of verse, and with the pithy sayings of various celebrated persons, from Diogenes to "Christopher North," is worse. But of these things more hereafter. Mr. Jeans begins his book with the life of Sir Henry Bessemer. It is characteristic of Mr. Jeans's method that, wanting to tell us that Sir Henry Bessemer's father was a Frenchman, he begins by stating that "in the year 1813 M. de Sismondi published his greatest work, in which he said that the French certainly possess, above every other nation of modern times, an inventive spirit." To this he adds the following sentence:—"Such a remark, published two years before the battle of Waterloo, Englishmen would probably laugh at nowadays as the offspring of national vanity"—which we offer to our readers to make head or tail of as best they can. The account of Sir Henry Bessemer's invention connected with Government stamps is chiefly interesting inasmuch as it furnishes a typical example of the treatment which original inventors are apt to meet with at the hands of the Government of their country. Our space does not permit us to enter into the details of this, which was one of the first of Sir Henry Bessemer's many valuable inventions; but we may briefly state that any one referring to Mr. Jeans's pages will fully bear us out in the statement that the conduct of the Stamp Office on this occasion would have been thought disgraceful in a sugar-sanding grocer. While we are on this subject, we may add that Mr. Jeans seems to look upon this kind of behaviour as being more or less peculiar to the different departments of the British Government, and that he is loud in his praises of the liberal recognition which greeted inventors in France during the reign of the late Emperor. We can assure Mr. Jeans that such occurrences are by no means unheard of across the Channel, and as he takes England to task with especial severity for her scant recognition of Sir Joseph Whitworth's services in the improvement of fire-arms, we may point out to him that the inventor of the "fusil Gras" met with no better treatment in his own country, and that his weapon was well known to the responsible authorities when the greatly inferior chassépot was adopted for use in the French army. One of the most curious incidents in connexion with Sir Henry Bessemer's life is his invention of the bronze powder which bears his name, and of which the preparation is one of the few secret processes which have been carried on successfully for many years. There is something very attractive in thinking of the room where the process is carried on, and into which only some half-dozen men have ever penetrated.

But the name of Sir Henry Bessemer is chiefly associated with the great "Bessemer process," which has effected one of the most astonishing revolutions in industry which the world has yet seen. Of the progress of this invention from the moment when the idea first occurred to Sir Henry Bessemer that, by introducing atmospheric air into the fluid metal, cast iron could be rendered malleable, to the final triumph of the operation on a gigantic scale, we have a very fairly good account. Mr. Jeans's relation of the first experiment which ended in the production of steel is especially interesting. We take the following extract from it:—

The primitive apparatus being ready, the engine was made to force streams of air under high pressure through the bottom of the vessel, which was lined with fire-clay, and the stoker was told to pour the metal, when it was sufficiently melted, in at the top of it. A cast-iron plate—one of those lids which commonly cover the coal-holes in the pavement—was hung over the converter; and all being got ready, the stoker in some bewilderment poured in the metal. Instantly out came a volcanic eruption of such dazzling coruscations as had never been seen before. The dangling pot-lid dissolved in the gleaming volume of flame, and the chain by which it hung grew red and then white, as the various stages of the process were unfolded to the wondering spectators. The air-cork to regulate the blast was beside the converting vessel, and no one dared to go near it, much less to deliberately shut it. In this dilemma, however, they were soon relieved by finding that the process of decarbonization, or combustion, had expended all its fury; and, most wonderful of all, the result was steel!

We must refer those of our readers who are unacquainted with this beautiful process to Mr. Jeans's pages for an account of the various steps by which it was brought to its present perfection. One of the most noteworthy passages in the book before us is the account given of the first application of steel to shipbuilding. We can do no more than allude to an extract from the log of the *Clytemnestra*, which was one of the first ships built of steel. From this extract we learn that the *Clytemnestra* was subjected to strains and general hard usage in a fearful storm at Calcutta in October 1864, with the result that no damages were inflicted on her which could not be set right by the ship's carpenter. Of the very remarkable career of Sir William Siemens Mr. Jeans gives a sympathetic account; but the amount of work done by him was so vast, and embraced so many subjects, that any record of his life which aims at the occupation of a small space must necessarily be inadequate. For the purposes of this article it will, we think, be found better to briefly call attention to some of the less widely known of Sir William Siemens's inventions than to attempt to dwell upon his greater achievements. Not the least interesting of his experiments were those made for the purpose of diminishing the enormous waste with which the use of the steam-engine is accompanied. These experiments ended in the construction of the "regenerative steam-engine." In this engine the same supply of steam was made to go the round of the cylinders continuously, a very small amount of fresh steam being admitted from the boiler at each stroke. In order to accomplish this result Dr. Stirling's invention of the regenerator was pressed into service. Dr. Stirling

* *The Creators of the Age of Steel*. By W. T. Jeans. London: Chapman & Hall. 1884.

had "discovered that if heat be passed through a compartment filled with sieves of wire gauze, or even minutely divided passages, it will leave a large amount behind. When, therefore, the steam in the new engine reached the regenerator, it had to traverse a mass of metallic wire gauze or plates, called the respirator, when its temperature was thus raised from 250° to 600° or 700° Fahr." Two of the three cylinders of the engine were fitted with plungers and had fires under them, the third had a piston. When the steam had done its work in the cylinders it passed into the regenerator, where its elastic force was doubled, after which it recommenced its round, its temperature being once more raised in the plunger cylinders. "The expansion and simultaneous reduction of the temperature of the steam caused a diminution of its pressure from four to nearly one atmosphere; so that, while one working plunger could effect its return stroke without opposing pressure, the second plunger made its effective or outward stroke impelled by a pressure of four atmospheres." The economy of fuel with which these engines worked was very great; but the rapidity with which the heating vessels were out prevented them from coming into ordinary use. Another invention of Sir William Siemens's, which, if we mistake not, is but little known to the general public, is that of the "gyrometric governor." "An open cylindrical glass vessel or tumbler containing some liquid being made to rotate upon its vertical axis, he observed that the liquid rose from the centre towards the sides to a height depending on the angular velocity of the diameter of the vessel. As soon as the velocity reached a certain limit, the liquid commenced to overflow the upper edge of the vessel, being thrown from it in the form of a liquid sheet in a tangential direction. If the velocity remained constant, the overflow of the liquid ceased, although it continued to touch the extreme edge or brim. When the velocity of the vessel was diminished, the liquid was observed to sink, and to rise again to its former position when the rotation was raised to its previous limit of angular velocity." This principle was applied in the following way in the construction of the governor. A cup, wide at the top and narrow at the bottom, and open at both ends, was placed in another vessel containing water, which the bottom of the cup just touched, "while by mechanical appliances the cup itself was made to revolve at a velocity proportionate to the strength of the motive power employed. He found that rotation being thus imparted to the cup, the liquid rose in it by centrifugal force, while additional liquid entered from without and maintained the apex of the liquid curve." So well did this governor answer its purpose that there was no apparent change in its rotation when two-thirds of the load upon an engine fitted with it were thrown off.

Sir William Siemens's labours in the field of electricity and his invention of the regenerative furnace are duly recorded in Mr. Jeans's work, which passes on to the life of Sir Joseph Whitworth. The services he has rendered, especially in the construction of true planes and in the improvement of ordnance, are well put before the reader, and we have a fairly exhaustive account of his exquisitely delicate measuring machines. But it is strange to find only a passing reference to Babbage, in which it is said that Sir Joseph Whitworth was "associated with him in the construction of his calculating machine." The remaining portion of Mr. Jeans's book contains notices of the work done by Sir John Brown, Mr. Sidney Gilchrist Thomas, and Mr. George James Snelus. There is some interesting matter in these notices, but Mr. Jeans's love of inculcating moral lessons, and his tendency towards barefaced "padding," are more than we can stand. Why, for instance, should we be told in a book on the Creators of the Age of Steel that "in 1847 Charles Knight visited Sheffield," and that he said, amongst other things, that "it is not an uncommon thing for local reputations to have no national recognition," adding that "it is not so with your James Montgomery and your Ebenezer Elliot"? Professor Wilson's judgment upon Montgomery's poems, which is also lugged in to swell Mr. Jeans's pages, is really worth quoting:—"They are embalmed in sincerity, and therefore shall not pass away; neither shall they moulder—not even though exposed to the air." What effect exposure to the air may have upon Mr. Jeans's work we cannot take upon ourselves to say; but had he confined himself strictly to dealing with his subject, he would have produced a very readable book.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

M. LEFÈVRE-PONTALIS has bestowed much pains on his historical sketch of John de Witt (1), which fills more than a thousand large and closely-printed pages, and which claims to be drawn not merely from the Record Offices of Holland, England, and France, but from important private storehouses of *le document*, such as the Duke d'Aumale's Condé MSS. at Chantilly. The authorities are scrupulously indicated at the foot of the page; and, though M. Lefèvre-Pontalis has not escaped the great difficulty of French historians—inaccurate orthography of foreign names (for instance, he calls Solebay "Solsbay," and Admiral Harman "Hartman")—his work deserves to be well spoken of as a collection of information. As a piece of literature it is, perhaps, somewhat inferior; for the author, despite the abundance of small touches which his study of documents has furnished, does not succeed in drawing lively pictures even of such stirring events as the Dutch-English naval fights or of the

invasion of Holland. This, however, is only one of the duties of a historian, and there are others, and perhaps more important ones, which M. Lefèvre-Pontalis discharges very well. He is, as has been said, diligent in searching for facts and careful in stating them; he seems to be free from national prejudice, and to have a sound, if not a very acute, judgment. Altogether the book appears likely to take a useful place among historical monographs of its kind, which, be it added, is a good kind; for the career of De Witt, unlike some careers which have been treated in similar fashion, deserves chronicling at length.

The prize essay has not the reputation of being a very engrossing or exhilarating class of composition, except perhaps to the prize-winner. The three essays, however, on Holland and the Liberty of Thought (2) which the International Literary Association has published, with an introduction from the pen of M. Louis Ulbach, are respectable performances, very complimentary to Holland (they were produced on the occasion of the Amsterdam Exhibition last year), prettily written, and no doubt sufficiently accurate in fact.

Dr. Jusserand's great knowledge of English mediæval literature could not have been put to better purpose than to the writing of a book, or series of books, as to the everyday life of the time (3). Notwithstanding all that has been written about the Middle Ages, there are singularly confused ideas current respecting them. We may find some other opportunity of noticing this book, or instalment of book, which deals with roads, bridges, travellers, messengers, outlaws, and all sorts of things and people concerned with the king's highway in the fourteenth century or thereabouts. At present it need only be said that the collection of facts and supporting passages is very curious and very full.

Baron G. de Contenson's account of his experiences as military attaché in China (4), and of his visits to neighbouring countries, is brief and not very eventful, but unpretentiously written, liberal in tone, and indicative of good sense and open eyes on the part of the traveller.

The habit which is common in France of republishing old books without any ostensible sign of their oldness is occasionally puzzling, or at least startling. Paul de Musset's works, with one famous exception, can hardly be said to be generally known, and it is quite possible that some guileless readers will take up *La table de nuit* (5) without recognizing it for what it is, a relic of *mil-huit-cent-trente*, or to speak literally, 1832. It is a fair specimen of its kind, for Paul, though not a heaven-born genius, wrote excellent French. Mme. Mary Summer's work appears to enjoy in France a *succès d'estime* which even as a *succès d'estime* only is not very intelligible. She knows her Revolution period very well, and works a great deal of curious information into her stories; but unluckily they are, as stories, unreadable, not at all from impropriety (though, like the present specimen (6), they often have alarming titles), but from dulness. That, at least, is our opinion; M. Claretie, who prefaces the book effusively, does not seem to share it. The heroine is the personage once famous, or at least notorious, as "La Morency." Mme. Henry Gréville has rather a habit of turning her facile—almost too facile—talent alternately to tragedy and comedy, so that after *L'ingénue* the sombre tone of *Un crime* (7) is not surprising. The book is a good one; it only needed longer study and deeper strokes to have made it exceedingly good. As it is, though the beginning and end are excellent, the centre part, describing the temptation and fall of Monique Breguet, is scarcely equal to them. The novel, however, is far above the average, and is, indeed, about the best that we have reviewed since we reviewed Mme. Gréville's last. M. Chaperon's volume of short tales (8) is, we should imagine, the work of a novice; it shows considerable talent, which has not yet quite found its day or its way.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

ONLY the fact that his book is published by the Cambridge University Press can save Mr. Conway from the sin of deceit on a large scale. *The Woodcutters of the Netherlands* (Cambridge University Press) ought to be the name of a story. The addition of the words "in the fifteenth century" on the title-page would seem to show that it is an historical novel. University Presses do not, however, publish such things; and accordingly we are not surprised to find that Mr. Conway's book is not—at least does not profess to be—a work of imagination. What we are surprised to discover is that he has written about early wood-engraving. A woodcutter is a person who cuts down trees or lops them with an axe or bill. Mr. Conway, however, is a writer about art, and therefore a person with a soaring ambition and a noble contempt for the English language; so he gallantly makes his little correction, which is, after all, only a priggish blunder.

(2) *La Hollande et la liberté de penser*. Avec une introduction par Louis Ulbach. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(3) *La vie nomade en Angleterre*. Par J. Jusserand. Paris: Hachette.

(4) *Chine et l'extrême orient*. Par le Baron G. de Contenson. Paris: Plon.

(5) *La table de nuit: épiques parisiennes*. Par Paul Musset. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(6) *Aventures d'une femme galante*. Par Mary Summer. Paris: Dentu.

(7) *Un crime*. Par Henry Gréville. Paris: Plon.

(8) *Histoires tragiques et contes gais*. Par P. Chaperon. Paris: Lemerre.

(1) *John de Witt*. Par A. Lefèvre-Pontalis. 2 vols. Paris: Plon.

As for the book, it is laborious, bibliographical, and perhaps correct. Mr. Conway explains in his preface how he rushed about and burst in upon German professors in a very hot state in his search for "tips." Looked at as reading, *The Woodcutters of the Netherlands* is a trifle better than a railway guide. It has a good deal of narrative. The criticism is of that kind which says that such and such a figure is pretty, or that So-and-so's method of representing water is peculiar. But what is the nature of the prettiness, and why peculiar? It was scarcely worth the trouble of running all over Europe and upsetting libraries to end by turning out colourless generalities of this class.

Sir Lepel Henry Griffin, K.C.S.I., has written a very American book about America. His *Great Republic* (Chapman & Hall) is a collection of superficial observations on the United States. It is distinguished by a good deal of patronizing praise in general, much rather spiteful sneering at particulars, and is full all through of signs of that identical thin-skinned whimpering complaint about other people's opinion of one's merit which used to be an American characteristic. Sir Lepel Griffin copies his model down even to the bluster. His little book is really a handful of scandal under big titles. The chapters are headed "Liberty," "Justice," "Foreign Element," &c. &c., but are mostly full of thrice-told tales about Irish politicians lobbying and lynching. The chapter on "Liberty" is given up to a polemic the author had with some American papers about the good looks of American women. It is just as little, as thin, and as tittle-tattly, as writing on that subject usually is.

Mr. M. L. Scudder, junior, is one of the respectable minority among English and Americans who have refused to fall down and worship Mr. Henry George. In his treatise on *The Labor-Value Fallacy* (Chicago: Jansen McClurg & Co.) he examines the basis, or rather want of basis, of that gentleman's theories. Mr. Scudder's arguments are sound, and his point of view is distinctly the right one. "The only mistake the anarchists and Nihilists make is not going far enough," he observes in one place. "The programme is incomplete in leaving human nature unchanged. To fully accomplish their object, they need the services of a comet or of a glacial epoch to wipe mankind off the earth's surface, and then they would be obliged to find a new creative energy to produce a new order of beings, who would 'produce according to their capacities and consume according to their needs.'" That is the absurdity of the Socialist theory in a nutshell. They invent imaginary economical conditions for imaginary races of men.

Very shortly the world will not be able to contain all the books which are written on the fascinating subject of drink. Mr. Axel Gustafson entitles his *The Foundation of Death* (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.) Under this hideous name he has thrown together a mass of sayings by various persons, from Søren Kirkegaard to "the Dustman" at Exeter Hall. Mr. Gustafson traces all human ills to alcohol. He shows how the Assyrian Empire was upset by the "sober rebels" of Media and Babylonia, and proves that alcohol is not necessary to mankind, because certain races, some of them "only recently extinct," have not known it. The "only recently extinct" is not encouraging. It was very unkind in them to become extinct at all—to the temperance people.

Death and Disease behind the Counter (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.) is the gushing title chosen by Mr. Thomas Sutherst for his book on overwork in shops. He shows by copious quotations of evidence that the servants of some London tradesmen are very much overdriven, and argues that a new Factory Act is needed for our shops. Like all enthusiasts, Mr. Sutherst makes short work of any objection to his ideas; but he has no difficulty in showing that much misery is caused by the present system. His remedy would not the less probably be worse than the evil. It would be a good service to the community to show where the true remedy is to be found.

Miss Eva C. E. Lückes, Matron to the London Hospital, has had a very good idea. She has written a handy text-book for nurses in the form of lectures delivered by herself. They are based on the instructions of Dr. Allchin, and were, we gather, revised by him. We shall not venture to criticize the details of her *Lectures on General Nursing* (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.); but we are sure that any nurse who lays them to heart will understand that she is to keep her eyes open, attend to details, and do as the doctor tells her, all of which are sound principles of conduct.

Captain F. F. R. Burgess, of the Bengal Staff Corps, publishes a handbook on *Sporting Fire-Arms for Bush and Jungle* (Allen & Co.) His object is to supply a useful but not too technical guide for the use of "Griffs and Colonists." The work is copiously illustrated.

We have received the first two numbers of a *Series of Diet-Rolls for Special Diseases*, published by Mr. Harvey J. Philpot, L.R.C.P., &c., of 14 Finsbury Circus, E.C. They deal with diabetes and gout, and are encouraging to look at, for they show that one can eat a variety of nice things even when afflicted with unpleasant illnesses.

A fourth English edition of Dr. Büchner's *Force and Matter* (London: Asher & Co.; Leipzig: Theodor Thomas) is published, with portrait and biography of the author. For the ridiculously small sum of 1s. 6d. the novel-reader of limited means and good eyesight can obtain seven complete novels and thirty-one selected stories, with ninety-five illustrations, in *Dick's English Library* (John Dick). The good eyesight is indispensable, for the print is woefully small and the ink none of the best. The same publisher gives the public an illustrated copy of *Jacob Faithful* for 4d. We

have received the fourth part of *Agriculture*, an illustrated weekly paper devoted to the interests of agriculturists (26 Catherine Street, Strand). The *Graphic* and the *Illustrated London News* publish the usual Summer Numbers, full of stories and drawings by well-known writers and draughtsmen.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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The ADVERTISEMENT DEPARTMENT has been REMOVED from 38 to 33 Southamton Street. All communications respecting ADVERTISEMENTS should therefore be addressed to Mr. JOHN HART, 33 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

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Interest	194,000
Accumulated Funds	£2,890,000

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